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HAPPY DAYS

A PAPER FOR YOUNG AMERICANS

33
FRANK CHAS. KNIGHT
Novels, Bought and Sold
Books - Exchanged,
BELL PHONE, RIDGE 349 X.

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No. 3

The Boss of the Boat Club; OR, DICK DASHWELL'S SCHOOLDAYS.

This story is finished in the book

BY FRANK FORREST.



"Look out there, Clint! What are you doing?" shouted Dick. "Back water—back water!" he called to his crew. But it was too late. The stem of the Dolphin struck the prow of the Lily. Then with a twist it shot up to the stake before Dick Dashwell could bring his boat back into the course.

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The Boss of the Boat Club.

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CHAPTER I.

THE TRIAL RACE.

"PULL, boys! Pull!
 "Look how you're steering there, Tom!
 "Now then, all together!
 "Once more!
 "We'll make it!
 "It's ours!"
 "Hooray!"
 "Hooray!"
 "Hooray!"
 "Hooray!"

It was the boy who pulled the stroke oar of the Lily who was doing all the shouting. But the whole eight boys forming the crew of the shell joined in the wild hurrah.

It was a great day for Baymouth. The day of the great trial race of the Baymouth Boat Club.

Quinipping Bay was alive with gaily decorated crafts from the smallest row-boat to Captain Hodges' big steam tug Hercules, which did the towing between Baymouth and New York, up and down Long Island Sound.

Over on the shore at the foot of the hill upon which stood Baymouth Academy an immense crowd had gathered.

There was Col. Tibbetts of the new hosiery mills, the richest manufacturer in this part of Connecticut, and the magnate of Baymouth, which town he condescended to make his home.

There also was Mr. Trueman the owner of the old hosiery mills, the colonel's bitter enemy.

There was pretty Lily Trueman, his daughter, and Seraphina Tibbetts, the colonel's daughter, Susy Spear, Mamie Middleton, and all the pretty girls in town.

There also was Prof. Wiseman, principal of Baymouth Academy, and all the teachers under him.

In short those of the dwellers in Baymouth who were not there were the old, the infants, the lame, the halt and the blind.

For this was a gala day for Baymouth and the Academy.

It was the day of the great trial race. The day when the crews of the several boats in the club were to fight for place.

To win meant the selection of the winning boat to represent Baymouth in the great boat race to be held at New London, a few weeks later on.

No wonder Dick Dashwell, the young captain of the Lily, felt anxious.

For Dick and his friends believed the Lily to be the crack boat of the club, and Clinton Tibbetts, the colonel's son and Dick's rival in the Academy, thought the same of the Dolphin.

There were ten boats belonging to the club.

They had started together from Egg Rock when the Hercules blew her whistle, the Dolphin in the lead.

Over the gleaming waters of the bay they flew, propelled by the stout arms of the Baymouth boys, but the Lily and the Dolphin had distanced all the others and were now flying neck and neck within a few yards of the goal.

On they sped.

For a few moments the little flags set in the bows were exactly on a line.

On shore the crowd watched breathlessly.

Encouraged by Dick Dashwell's voice, the crew of the Lily sent their boat ahead half a length.

The crowd could restrain themselves no longer.

The men cheered and waved their hats, the ladies fluttered their handkerchiefs.

Success seemed certain, when all at once the Dolphin swerved to the right and cut across the Lily's course.

"Look out there, Clint! What in thunder are you doing?" shouted Dick.

"Back water—back water!" he called to his crew.

But it was too late. The stein of the Dolphin struck the prow of the Lily.

Then with a twist it shot up to the stake before Dick Dashwell could bring his boat back into the course.

"Hooray!"

"Hooray!"

"Hooray!"

"Three cheers for Clint Tibbetts and the Dolphin!" shouted the supporters of the colonel's son on shore.

But others hissed and claimed that Clint had played a dirty trick.

Some shouted one thing and some another.

But above the confusion was heard the voice of Col. Tibbetts, who acted as umpire, declaring that the Dolphin had won the race.

Immediately a scene of wild confusion began.

Some cried out that the decision was a fraud.

Others demanded that the Dolphin and the Lily pull over the course again alone.

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WILL APPEAR

In the Next Number.

Some wanted this and some that.

Meanwhile, the other boats came up and their crews landed.

Of course the academy boys had to say their say too, and for a few moments things were pretty hot.

"Silence!" shouted Prof. Wiseman. "This is all wrong! The action of the Dolphin was manifestly unfair! Colonel, you surely could not have seen!"

"I saw the whole business!" broke in the magnate of Baymouth, whose swaggering manner seemed to indicate that he had been drinking—no very unusual thing for him, by the way. "I was chosen umpire and my decision stands. Clint did nothing unfair. He did not cut Dick Dashwell off!"

"He was out of his course and he knows it," sneered Clint, glaring at his rival.

"It's false!" said Dick, calmly. "It's false, and you know it, Clint!"

"What, what!" blustered Col. Tibbetts. "Do you tell my son that he lies? You beggar brat! Punch him, Clint! Punch his head!"

"Shame, shame!" cried several voices in the crowd.

"Respect the ladies!"

"There must be no fighting here!" cried Mr. Trueman and Prof. Wiseman in one breath.

But Clint Tibbetts was nothing if not a bully.

Encouraged by his father, he dealt Dick a blow between the eyes.

"Fight, fight!" shouted the Baymouth boys crowding around.

"Boys, boys! Stop! This is disgraceful! I order you to stop!" cried Prof. Wiseman.

But Dick Dashwell was only human.

The boys of Baymouth Academy were only boys.

The instant he received the blow Dick returned it, taking Clint on the left cheek.

Biff!

Thump!

Whack!

Thud!

"Give it to him, Clint!" bawled the colonel.

"Slug him, Dick!"

"Pound him, Clint!"

"Let him have it!"

"Lay him out!"

All the boys were shouting together now.

Fast and furious the fight went on.

As the boys shouted the girls screamed.

But it was all over in a moment.

For Prof. Wiseman and the under teachers rushed into the ring.

But Dick Dashwell had won the day.

The fight was over before Prof. Wiseman reached the combatants.

Clint Tibbetts lay sprawling upon the ground.

"Constable, arrest that fellow! I charge Dick Dashwell with assaulting my son!" roared Col. Tibbetts, forcing his way to the scene.

"Shame on you, colonel," cried Prof. Wiseman. "This is disgraceful, indeed!"

Probably Captain Conover, the Baymouth constable, thought so, too, for he made no movement to interfere with Dick.

Prof. Wiseman did the most sensible thing he possibly could have done under the circumstances.

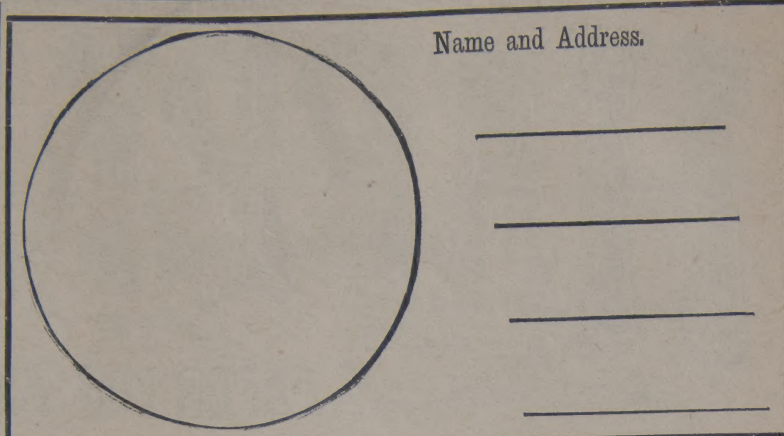
"Play! Play!" he shouted. "Fall in there, boys! Forward! March!"

Then the Baymouth brass band, made up of the academy boys, as was the boat club, struck up a lively air and began marching up the hill.

The boys immediately fell into line, for the military discipline of the academy was perfect.

"Back to the school!" shouted Prof. Wiseman. "The boy who refuses to obey is expelled!"

None refused.



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Even Clint Tibbetts picked himself up and fell in line with the rest.

"Well done, professor!" cried Mr. Trueman.

"Three cheers for Dick Dashwell!" shouted a voice in the crowd.

The cheers were given with a will.

"Three groans for Col. Tibbetts!" called another voice.

But few responded.

Few dared to do it.

For Col. Tibbetts held a mortgage on half the houses in town.

Even the Baymouth Academy buildings were in his clutches.

Which explains the colonel's next move.

"I'll make you sweat for this!" he shouted out, shaking his fist in Prof. Wiseman's face.

"We'll see who's boss of the Baymouth Academy! I'll foreclose on you within the next twenty days!"

This was a bad threat for Baymouth, for its people were very proud of their academy.

With the exception of Mr. Trueman, whose business was not as prosperous as it had formerly been, Col. Tibbetts was the only moneyed man in town.

But Mr. Trueman came bravely to the rescue now.

"Let him try it. I'll stand by you, professor. I'll see that you have all the money you want!" cried the owner of the rival mills.

Thus the quarrel growing out of the trial race continued on the shore, while the Baymouth boys, to the tune of Hail Columbia, marched up the hill.

CHAPTER II.

THE NIGHT ALARM.

"CLINT TIBBETTS, thirty-two!"

Joe Little read the number from the platform in a loud voice.

Profound silence for a second followed the announcement.

Then Pete Mulford and Dan Burling, Clint's particular admirers in the Baymouth Boat Club, shouted "Hooray!"

"Shut up, fellows!" cried Sam Singleton. "This ain't the end."

"Go on, Joe! Give the other vote!" called Tom Crocker.

And Joe, who had paused on purpose, read from the paper he held in his hand:

"Dick Dashwell, thirty-five!"

"Hooray! Hooray, for Dick Dashwell, the boss of the boat club!" yelled Tom Crocker at the top of his voice.

The cry was taken up on all sides.

The Dashwellites shouted with a will.

For the election for captain of the Baymouth Boat Club had just been held in the social hall at the Academy.

Dick had won again.

But it was by the exceedingly small majority of three votes.

"I hereby declare Dick Dashwell duly elected captain of the Baymouth Boat Club!" announced Joe Little who was acting as chairman.

"It's a fraud!" roared Clint. "Some fellow has—"

Clint sprang to his feet, and thus began, when every boy around him seemed suddenly to have been seized with some trouble in his throat.

"Cough him down! Cough him down!" yelled Sam Singleton.

The coughing which followed was tremendous.

"Move we adjourn!" cried Tom.

"Second the motion!" sang out Sam.

Amid the furious coughing, Joe put the motion.

Some shouted aye.

Others yelled no.

But the eyes carried the day and the doors were flung open and the Dashwellites went tumbling out of the hall.

That ended the stormiest meeting the boat club had ever known.

Name and Address.

"I'll get square with you yet, Dick Dashwell!" sneered Clint, shaking his fist in Dick's face on the academy lawn when the boys had gathered as usual that evening just before the retiring bell rang.

"I've nothing at all to say to you," retorted Dick.

"You will have before you get through this business and don't you forget it. Mark my words—the Lily will never enter that race!"

Thus saying Clint turned and joined his cronies.

Shortly after that the bell rang and the boys sought their dormitories.

"It was a big fight but we won, Dick," said Tom Crocker, as he and Dick were undressing in No. 11, which they had occupied alone thus far since the fall term began.

"Did you hear the threat Clint made just before the bell rang, Tom?" asked Dick.

"No."

Dick related what had occurred.

"Just what I told you," said Tom.

"I know it, old man."

"I have positive information that Clint has sworn to prevent the new trial race."

"But he can't prevent it. The club held a regular meeting last week and decided that the race should be rowed again on the 28th, and that's to-morrow I guess."

"Don't care! That's what he boasted."

"You might tell a fellow who told you."

"I promised not, but I'll tell you this much, the fellow who did tell me heard Nick Muller tell Pete Mulford what I'm now telling you."

"Both Tibbetts of the worst kind."

"You bet."

"Did you hear anything about Col. Tibbetts foreclosing the mortgage on the school yet?"

"Not a word."

"But his twenty days are almost up."

"Pshaw! the colonel's nothing but a big windbag. Good-night, Dick. I'm going to sleep."

For the boys were in bed by this time.

Tom turned over on his side, and was soon snoring.

But somehow sleep would not come to Dick Dashwell's eyes that night.

He tossed and turned, striving for the sleep all he knew.

And perhaps he would have been even more wakeful had he known that Col. Tibbetts' lawyer had that very day served notice of foreclosure upon Prof. Wiseman.

It was so.

The colonel, although delaying his threatened vengeance for reasons best known to himself, had at last struck the blow.

At the very time Dick was tossing in bed, the principal was at Mr. Trueman's house.

Now, if there was one person in all Baymouth, loved and respected more than another, it was Mr. Trueman, the principal owner of the old hosiery mills, which had been a most prosperous corporation until Col. Tibbetts started up a rival concern.

It was Mr. Trueman who built Baymouth Academy.

Until, through the unfair competition of his rival, the fortunes of the kind-hearted manufacturer had begun to wane, he had been most liberal in his donations to the school.

Then hard times and trouble came.

With them came the mortgage, which in some mysterious manner had fallen into the hands of Col. Tibbetts.

For it was not until the announcement made at the row after the trial race that Prof. Wiseman was aware of the sword Col. Tibbetts held over his head.

Would it fall and destroy the Academy? Mr. Trueman had declared it should not if he could help it.

But could he help it?

We shall see.

It was something after midnight when

Tom Crocker was suddenly awakened by a hand being pressed upon his face.
"Who's that?" he breathed.
"Me—Dick! Hush!" came the answer in his ear.

"What's the row?"
"Hush! Hush! They'll hear you!"
"Who'll hear me? What in thunder are you driving at, anyhow?"
"Tom, do be quiet! Listen! Listen!"
Dick was sitting up in bed.

It was pretty dark in the dormitory, for there was no moon that night.

Tom could see though, that Dick was pointing to an inner door which divided their dormitory from No. 12, next beyond.
"Do you begin to catch on?" breathed Dick.

Tom was beginning to catch on, for he knew that Clint Tibbetts, Pete Mulford and Dan Burling were the boys occupying No. 12.

Through the thin partition strange sounds were creeping.

Now a shoe dropped, now a bed creaked, again the noise of the window sash going up.

"Great Scott! Clint and his crowd are up to something," whispered Tom.

Dick nodded.
"They're going out by the window. Hear them! Hear them, Dick!"

Of course Dick heard.
He slipped out of bed in a hurry.
Tom followed him.

Not venturing to open the blinds less they be seen, the boys turned the slats and peered through.

There was a jog in the wall of the academy here.

No. 11, in fact, was in an extension, and No. 12 in another.

This brought the windows of the two extensions opposite one another, and gave the watchers a splendid chance to see what was going on.

The blinds of the window opposite had been thrown back, and there was Clint just creeping out of the window.

He came backward.

Dick and Tom could see that he was supported by an improvised rope made of bed clothes, which had been passed under his arms.

This was held by Pete Mulford and Dan Burling, and it answered its purpose finely.

Clint was on the ground in a moment.

Then Pete followed him.

A new face now appeared at the window.

Dick and Tom recognized Nick Muller at the rope with Dan Burling.

Dan came next, and Nick hauled up the rope.

"Sorry you can't come, Nick," called Pete in a suppressed voice.

"Hush!" whispered Clint. "No talking! Haul up the rope, Nick, put the clothes back on the beds and shut the blinds."

"All right, Clint."

"Lay low now, old man. We'll spoil Dick Dashwell's fun and make old Wiseman take a back seat before we get through this night's work."

This was the last the listeners heard.

For Clint, Pete and Dan started then and disappeared around the angle of the extension wall.

"By golly!" breathed Tom, "there's only one explanation of that business; they are going to break up the Lily so that you can't put her in the trial race, Dick Dashwell, just as sure as eggs are eggs!"

"Hush!" whispered Dick, who had pulled off his night shirt and was hurriedly dressing himself. "Don't say a word or Nick will hear."

"What are you going to do?"

"I'm going after them of course! Do you suppose I'm going to stop quietly here and let them play roosts on me—not much!"

"But how are you going?"

"Same way they did!"

"But Nick will see you!"

"Let him. You can go or not just as you please, Tom Crocker, but go I will!"

"Well, of course, I ain't going to let you go alone," said Tom, following Dick's example and beginning to dress.

Dick was dressed first.

He hastily stripped his bed of sheets and counterpane and began knotting them together.

By the time Tom was dressed he had the rope ready.

Cautiously opening the blinds he dropped it out of the window, tied one end to the bed post and let the other down.

"Will it bear?" breathed Tom.

"Watch me and you'll find out," answered Dick.

"But who's to pull it up?"

"It won't be pulled up. Look out now! Here goes!"

Dick crawled out of the window backward, and grasping the rope began to let himself down.

He reached the ground in safety, and Tom immediately followed.

"How will we get over the wall?" he breathed.

"Same way they did, whatever that is," answered Dick.

And he added before they advanced many steps further:

"Ah! I see!"

There was a ladder leaning against the high stone wall which surrounded the school yard at no great distance from the back gate.

How it got there, the boys did not stop to speculate upon.

They hurried toward it.

Dick was first up and stood upon the wall.

There was a tree growing close to the wall at this point, and to descend it was an easy matter.

Once on the ground the boys hurried to the brow of the hill which overlooked Quinipissing Bay.

"There they are! there they are!" exclaimed Dick.

Tom's eyes followed the direction of Dick's pointing finger.

He could dimly discern two dark forms stealing toward the boat-house which stood on the shore at the foot of the hill.

CHAPTER III.

THE FIRE AT THE BAYMOUTH MILLS.

"They ain't here!"

"I'll be blest if they are!"

"They don't seem to have been here. What can it mean?"

Hurrying down the long hill, Dick and Tom had reached the boat-house.

Instead of finding the door unlocked with Clint and his companions inside engaged in destroying the Lily, the door was shut and fast when they reached the boat-house, and all was dark within.

"Got your key?" whispered Tom.

"No, by Jove, I haven't," replied Dick.

"It's in the pocket of my boating pants up in the room."

"And mine's lost. We can't get in."

"Do we want to? They ain't inside."

"We want to make sure of that, Dick," said Tom, putting his eye to a knot-hole in the boat-house door.

"See anybody?" asked Dick.

"Not a soul!"

"Let me have a look."

Dick tried it then.

The boat-house was perfectly dark inside, and he could not hear a sound.

"Where in thunder can they be?" breathed Dick. "I'll be blamed if I understand this thing at all."

Still discussing the mystery, the boys went around to the other side of the boat-house.

Here ended the street which led over the creek into the town.

About a quarter of a mile up the shore stood the Baymouth Hosiery Mills.

These were the old mills, belonging to Mr. Trueman's company.

Col. Tibbetts' mills were located at the other end of town.

Just beyond the big brick building stood the house in which Mr. Trueman resided.

It was an old structure, very plain and adjoined the mill, for Mr. Trueman was a person of simple habits and put on no style.

For some ten or fifteen minutes the boys stood on the bridge discussing the situation, for they could see nothing of Clint and his companions.

"They must have gone up into town," said Dick, at last. "I don't think there can be any doubt about that."

"But what for?" asked Tom.

"Give it up."

"We both heard what they said. There can't be any doubt that they meant to go for the Lily."

"Look, look! Isn't that them now?"

"By Jove! it's somebody, but it's too dark for me to make out who they are."

Over by the hosiery mills Dick had discovered a small boat with two dark forms in it pulling away from the wharf.

They were only visible for a moment.

Rounding the end of the wharf, the boat and rowers were lost in the darkness.

At the same instant there appeared between the end of the hosiery mill and Mr. Trueman's house a lurid light, faintly illuminating the sky above.

"Heavens, what's that?" gasped Dick.

"Fire!" cried Tom.

"It is! It is! Look! Look!"

Suddenly the light grew brighter.

A long slender tongue of flame shot up between the house and the mill.

"It's the yard where the boxes are piled," exclaimed Dick.

"By gracious, the mill and Mr. Trueman's house will both be on fire in two shakes," echoed Tom.

For an instant the boys stood looking at each other.

Then, with one accord, they started on the dead run for the bridge, shouting fire with all their might.

"It can't be that Clint has done this?" gasped Tom as they ran.

"Never!" said Dick. "Clint's as bad as they make 'em, but not so bad as that!"

"Look, look! The house has caught on the gable!"

"And the mill, too! Don't you see?"

"There goes the Methodist Church bell!"

"See the people running!"

"Fire!"

"Fire!"

"Fire!"

Now the cry was taken up by other voices.

People could be seen running, half dressed, toward the mill, from the big boarding-house further up the street.

"Ding, dong!"

"Ding, dong!"

"Ding, dong!"

"Fire!"

"Fire!"

"Fire!"

The big bell was clanging wildly now.

All over Baymouth the startling cry had been taken up, rousing people from their beds.

Though Dick and Tom covered the ground in great shape, running for all they were worth, there was quite a crowd around Mr. Trueman's house and over by the mill by the time they reached the spot.

Down Cross street Boyden No. 1, and Neptune No. 2, the town fire engines came dashing.

Quickly following in their wake was the hose cart, but the hook and ladder, whose house was at the other end of town, had not yet appeared.

Every moment the excitement was increasing.

So was the fire.

It seemed perfectly marvelous to witness the headway it made.

Before the boys reached the spot one end of the mill was burning.

It was the same with Mr. Trueman's house.

Yet strange to say neither the worthy mill owner nor any of his family had appeared.

"Break in the door! They must be all asleep in there!" shouted some one.

The cry was instantly taken up by the Boyden men.

They attacked the big front door with their axes.

In a moment it went crashing in.

A blinding smoke came pouring through the opening.

Had the fire started in the house and not in the box yard as the boys had supposed?

Be this as it might, the situation of those within the house was now desperate.

"No one can go in there—that's sure," said the foreman of the fire company, drawing back.

At the same instant a wild shout went up from the crowd.

Dick and Tom, who stood considerably back from the door, were among the first to know the cause.

Directly over the front door on the third story a window had suddenly been flung open.

At this window, clad only in her night-dress, appeared Lily Trueman, for whom Dick's boat was named.

Her face was deathly pale, her long golden curls hung about her neck and shoulders as she stretched out her hands to the assembled throng.

"Save me—save me!" she cried, as the smoke came whirling through the open window above her head.

Then some shouted for a ladder.

Others called upon the firemen to enter the house.

Suddenly there was a rush and a wilder shout went up.

The crowd surged toward the door.

"Who is he?"

"He'll be burned sure."

"He'll never reach her."

"He'll sacrifice his life but he'll not save her."

Such were some of the cries.

What had happened?

What did it mean?

All knew in a moment.

For now at the window appeared a boy, who seized the fainting girl in his manly arms.

"It's Dick Dashwell! Hooray for Dick Dashwell!" some one shouted.

Then all in an instant the figures disappeared from the window and in their stead came a rush of flame.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CUT OUT THE STAMP COUPON PUBLISHED ON PAGE 2 AND SAVE IT.

A man is safe from pickpockets if he carries his money in his trousers' pocket, says an experienced detective. A hip pocket is simply a delusion. The man who carries his money there is a fool. The breast pocket is no safer when the coat is buttoned, because the man who is after the wallet located there has only to slit the cloth with a sharp little knife blade set in a ring. Carry your money in a roll in your right trousers' pocket and you will never have it picked. As for jewelry, when in a crowd twist your watch chain around your left thumb or index finger and don't let go, no matter what happens. You are lucky if you wear a diamond pin for a year, no matter what safety attachments it has. Some chap will even cut off a portion of your necktie to get it. Beware of jama. If a man falls against you, elbow him off or step aside. In a crowd let them knock your hat off or smash it over your eyes, but don't throw up your hands.

A LITTLE FUN.

"Thank Heaven, the fuss is all over," said the bridegroom, "and I have you all to myself." "Yes," returned the happy bride; "and now let us take one last look at the wedding presents before pa sends them back to the jewellers."

Prisoner—Av ye plaze, y'r anner, Oi wud loike to widdraw me ples of "not guilty," an' put in a plea of "guilty." Judge—Then why didn't you plead guilty in the first place, and save all this trouble? Prisoner—Sure, y'r anner, Oi had not heard the ividence.

Mrs. Mulgrew—Phwat's happened to your huzband? I hear he's sick. Mrs. O'Dooley—Yis, he ate a half a dozen, green cucumbers an' then swallowed a quart of ripe tomattoes on top o' them, and the red above the green raised a turrible conflagration in his insides.

Cubberly—I am in a terrible pickle. I ordered some roses sent to a girl, and the florist made a mistake and sent them C. O. D. Castleton—That's easily fixed. Why don't you go around and explain it to the girl? Cubberly—Not much. She might want the money.

"Weggy and Cholly got themselves all mixed up afloat the club dinner." "How alarming!" "It would have been if Weggy hadn't wemembered that he wore a mole on his left cheek. That enabled him to distinguish himself from Cholly, and to wemembah to go to his own house."

Doctor—What! drinking beer again, contrary to my strict orders? Didn't I tell you that every glass was a nail in your coffin? "Can't give it up, doctor, that's a fact, and so I have been saying to myself: 'What does it matter when you are dead and gone if your coffin looks like a hedgehog?'"

"Why, how is this, my dear sir," inquired the doctor, "you sent me a letter stating you had been attacked by smallpox, and I find you suffering from rheumatism?" "Well, you see, doctor, it is like this," said the patient; "there wasn't a soul in the house that knew how to spell rheumatism."

Her Father—But, my boy, surely you are too young to marry Aurelia. How old are you? George—One and twenty, sir. Her Father—And she is twenty-seven. Too great a difference. Why not wait a half dozen years, then you will be twenty-seven and she'll probably be just about the same age as you.

"Dere's a fine word," said Plodding Pete, as he laid down the piece of paper that had been wrapped around a ham sandwich. "Dat's a fine word, 'procrastinate.' " "What does it mean?" "It means ter put off." "Does it?" An' ter t'ink of me bein' procrastinated f'm six trains this week. Well, well!"

INTERESTING ITEMS.

When a Chinese bank happens to fail all the clerks and managers have their heads struck off and thrown into a heap, together with the books of the firm. For the last five hundred years not a single bank in China has stopped payment.

A rainmaker in India has an apparatus, consisting of a rocket capable of rising to the height of a mile, containing a reservoir of ether. In its descent it opens a parachute, which causes it to come down slowly. The ether is thrown out in fine spray, and its absorption of heat is said to lower the temperature about it sufficiently to condense the vapor and produce a limited shower.

Mollusks are not supposed to be racers, but the razor clam, which abounds on the Cape shore, is about as hard to catch as a weasel asleep. They have a foot that they project at the other end of a long, narrow shell, and by means of it can work their way through the sand with astonishing rapidity. Even if you approach so carefully that the jar of your foot-fall doesn't alarm it, and if by a quick movement you seize the projecting end, you are not likely to pull out the clam, though you crush the end of the shell in your fingers.

The post of hangman or garrotter is vacant at Madrid, but the vacancy is not likely to be of long duration. No fewer than two hundred and fifty-seven persons have come forward setting forth the special merits which qualify them for surely and expeditiously choking condemned murderers. Among these are eighty-three schoolmasters, who seek some diversion from the humdrum work of the pedagogogue. The names of four lawyers, not inappropriately, appear in the list, and, strangest of all, the name of a priest. Anybody, however, can fill the post in Spain, for the victim is fixed in a chair with an iron band round his throat, and all the executioner has to do is to turn a screw and tighten the band till life is extinct.

Although it may not be generally known outside of New York State, or perhaps the immediate locality in which it is situated, Lake Cayuga is, nevertheless, one of the wonders of the Eastern States. It is situated in West Central New York, and is upward of forty miles in length, with an average breadth of but three miles. One of its peculiarities is this: Although upward of two hundred persons have been drowned in its waters since the settlement of the adjacent territory, not a single corpse has, so far, been recovered, and it is a common saying that "Lake Cayuga never gives up its dead." Those who have made an attempt to fathom this mystery say that the bottom of this remarkable sheet of water is simply a series of large openings and crater-like cavities, the entire lake bed having the appearance of being one huge honeycomb, each of the well-like holes being reputed to be bottomless. Another mystery is its irregular tides. There is no stated times for their appearance, but when they do come they are very decided, the water often instantly receding fifty to one hundred feet and as quickly returning with a roar that can be heard for miles.

Lost at the Pole:

OR,

The Secret of the Arctic Circle.

BY ALBERT J. BOOTH,

Author of "Adrift in the Sea of Grass," "Castaway Castle," "The Boy Privateer Captain," "The Mad Maroon," "A Monte Cristo at Eighteen," etc., etc., etc.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE MATE IS DISAPPOINTED.

The cabin doors were quickly thrown open, and as Phil and Jack sprang inside they were welcomed with kisses and embraces by the overjoyed girls.

"Where is everybody?" asked Phil.

"There isn't a soul on deck."

"I don't know, I'm sure," said Susie. "The crew mutinied and tried to seize the ship. Harry has gone for help. He escaped by the after gangway."

"But where is the crew?"

"We don't know. It has been quiet for a long time. There was a good deal of fighting going on at different times, but for a long time we have heard nothing."

"Then the mate is responsible for the uprising?" said Jack. "I am not at all surprised. He is just that sort of man."

"But, I don't understand why the men should have all left the ship," said Phil, "unless it was to intercept the captain. Perhaps poor little Harry has been captured and the skipper will not be warned in time."

"Well, you must certainly be starved," said Susie, "being away so long and with so little to eat."

"Well, we could manage to eat a little something," laughed Phil, "although we were not so badly off."

"Come, Mollie," said Susie. "Let us go and get them something. It is a relief to do almost anything after all the anxiety we have had."

The girls ran off laughing, leaving Phil and Jack sitting at the table in the outer cabin, after they had lighted the lamps.

"Suppose we ought to close the outer doors," said Phil, rising presently and walking towards the door at the foot of the companionway.

He had scarcely reached it when there came a loud knock on the outside.

"Open the door!" cried a gruff voice.

"Yes, let us in," added another voice, less gruff, but equally disagreeable.

Then the door was thrown open and Phil stepped back a pace.

"Mr. Carpenter and Mr. Shuttleworth!" he cried in astonishment.

"What! Phil Farnsworth alive?" exclaimed the mate, standing in the doorway, his companion just behind him.

"Yes," said Phil. "Did you have any reason to believe that I was dead?"

"We heard so," said the third mate, "and were naturally surprised at—"

"Yes, we heard so," interrupted the mate, pushing his way forward. "Where is the captain?"

"We are the only men on board besides ourselves," said Phil.

"How did you escape?" asked Shuttleworth, "we heard that you were—"

"Yes, but we're glad to see you," hastily interposed the mate, giving his companion a black look. "Ah, here come the young ladies with supper. We shall be glad of that."

Susie and Mollie had come from the pantry at that moment, bringing trays upon which was food in abundance.

Susie was evidently surprised at seeing the mate, but said at once:

"The supper is for these two young gentlemen. If they choose to invite you to join them that is no affair of mine."

Having just learned of the man's treachery Phil certainly had no desire to eat with him, and he said, quietly:

"I would prefer some other company than that of Mr. Carpenter and Mr. Shuttleworth."

"Yes, we do not care to dine with mutineers," added Jack, coming to the front at once.

"What do you mean by that?" demanded the mate, angrily.

"What I say, sir. You have been laying a very clever plot to seize the ship, but I am happy to say that it has failed."

"Well, see about that," began Mr. Shuttleworth, when the mate quickly interposed.

"How dare you make such an accusation?"

"We can furnish evidence at the proper time to prove everything that has been charged," said Phil, "and if you insist upon pressing the matter—"

The man uttered an angry exclamation, and put his hand to his belt, when Jack cried quickly:

"We are armed as well as you, Mr. Carpenter, and can defend ourselves well, so be careful what you do."

"Go to your rooms, both of you," said the mate, "and don't show yourselves again until I give you permission."

"I shall do nothing of the kind," said Phil, sitting down.

"Nor shall I," added Jack, following Phil's example.

"Do you mean to defy my authority?"

"Yes. You have none. You have conspired against the safety of the captain and ship, and are unworthy of our respect," answered Phil, firmly.

"Yes, but they are backed by two brave girls, who are no doubt armed and will assist those two young ruffians to the best of their ability."

"Yes, but they are only girls, and girls are cowards when it comes to the scratch."

"You don't know what you're talking about," replied the mate, contemptuously. "Some girls may be hysterical and cowardly, but the skipper's daughter is not one of that sort, and Mollie Bright will do anything her cousin dares do when it comes to the pinch. We have four against us, I tell you, and not two."

"Well, we may be able to take them by surprise."

"Now you're talking sense. That's just what I hope for. If those fools would only come back we'd be all right; but if the skipper gets here first we're in a hole."

"Well, he must find us prepared for him when he does come, that's all," said Shut-

"Well, mates, all of a sudden it got very dark, and we see that we had run right into a big cave, even so much longer than our ship, and higher than the masts."

"They was water in the cave, for we went scudding along just the same as before, and didn't strike no rocks nor bottom, but what puzzled us was how we had got into it so sudden."

"Fust we hadn't seen nothin' of it, no land nor anything being in sight, and then we was right into it, and I guessed it must be because we was going so fast."

"Gosh!" said Ben, who had been trying to speak for some moments, and had been unable to do so from sheer astonishment, "I was with you that v'y'ge in the Lively Kitty, and I don't remember no such storm nor no such cave."

"Well, you was asleep at the time and didn't know nothin' about it," retorted Mr. Dodge. "I keep wide awake, and that's how I see these things."



THEN THE DOOR WAS THROWN OPEN AND PHIL STEPPED BACK A PACE. "MR. CARPENTER AND MR. SHUTTLEWORTH!" HE CRIED IN ASTONISHMENT. "WHAT! PHIL FARNSWORTH ALIVE?" EXCLAIMED THE MATE, STANDING IN THE DOORWAY, HIS COMPANION JUST BEHIND HIM.

"It is false! You can prove none of your statements. You have been away from the ship and so what can you know of what I may have done?"

"It is not necessary to state the source of my information at present," said Phil, beginning to help Jack, before whom Susie had just set a plate.

"I'll settle with you later," said the mate, angrily.

"Exactly, when the captain returns," returned Phil, with perfect coolness.

The two officers retired to the mate's room when Carpenter said, in a low tone:

"How could they have learned of the thing?"

"Maybe the girls told them. They have evidently been here but a short time. They haven't taken off their hoods."

"Yes, that may be so; but where are Slabbs and Ringwood and the others. Those two girls and young Springer could not have got the best of them."

"No, and it is very strange. They may have gone to look for us."

"But I told them to wait, and here we find every one of them gone. I don't understand the thing at all."

"Neither do I; but they may have gone off on some—"

"They had no business to go anywhere when I told them to await my return!" stormed the mate. "The ship would have been ours if they had obeyed orders, but now if the captain returns first we are powerless to do anything."

"Why can't we overpower the two young fellows, and then, posting ourselves on deck, shoot down the captain and his men as they approach?"

"You talk rubbish!" sneered the mate.

"We are two, the other party is four."

"No, there are only two young fellows,"

tleworth, but the mate made him no answer.

CHAPTER XIV.

AN UNEXPECTED ATTACK.

THE captain's party was resting in the cave the entrance of which had been opened by the two boys.

"This here reminds me," said Mr. Dodge, "of an adventure I once had in the Indian ocean when I was in the Lively Katie, a fine, spankin' clipper out from Nantucket."

"We had been cruising around for a long time without seeing a spout and finally we decided to run in shore and give the boys a chance to stretch their legs."

"Just as we got started for land, up come the piggest hurricane you ever see and sent us whizzin' along at the rate of a hundred knots an hour."

At this point of the story Ben began to open his mouth and eyes.

"Yes, sir, we went howlin' along at a reglar hundred mile trot," continued Mr. Dodge, "and that's where my hair got so thin. You see my sou'wester blowed off and before I could get another I was nearly bald."

"We couldn't carry a sail as big as a pocket hankercher, for the minute we put it up, it was blowed into shoe strings. I had enough of 'em to last five years, and I've got some of 'em yet."

The fat boatsteerer's mouth opened still wider at this declaration.

"However, what I was comin' to was the adventure we had in the cave," went on the shipkeeper, filling his pipe, "and I guess you'll say it was a tough un."

"The waves was runnin' mountain high, and now and then one of 'em would come chasin' after us astern, just like it meant to swallow us up."

"Well, I don't see exactly how you could strike a cave that size anywhere in the Indian Ocean," remarked Joe Dobbs.

"No, nor me neither," said Ben, "and I just think there wasn't none."

"No more there wasn't," said the shipkeeper.

"Well, but you said—"

"We only just thought it was a cave, but it wasn't one at all—it was just one of them big waves what jumped clean over us and shut out all the light for a few minutes, and we thought we'd run into a cave."

Ben's face at that moment was a study.

Surprise, indignation, disappointment and disgust were all expressed in it at one moment, and for a time he could say nothing.

"Well, Mr. Dodge," he at last found voice to say, "don't you never tell me I'm lyin' when I go to tell a story arter this, for that's the whoppinest whopper I ever heard tell."

The rest of the party all broke into a laugh at this, while the ship-keeper puffed contentedly at his pipe, and seemed not in the least disturbed or nettled at the imputation cast upon his veracity by the obese Ben Skuttles.

The captain's party had seen nothing of the two boys, and when they entered the cave they had no idea that Phil and Jack had been there so recently.

They remained for a short time only in the cave, and then resumed their search, but were at last obliged to seek shelter once more on account of a storm which suddenly burst upon them with great violence.

They found a nook under a great overhanging rock, close to the cliff, and here they remained for some time, the snow forming great drifts just outside their

shelter, protecting them from the storm, and making their retreat warm and cozy.

At last they left it, and as it was growing dark, determined to return to the ship.

On the way thither they were suddenly set upon by Indians who rushed out upon them from behind a cluster of ice hummocks.

"Stand together!" cried the skipper, "and give those fellows fits. We can expect no mercy from them. They are even more treacherous than the Esquimaux."

Ben, Dodge and Joe sprang at once to the side of the captain and second mate and discharged their weapons.

"Forward!" shouted the captain, clubbing his rifle and leaping upon the leader of the Indians.

The second mate fired another shot and then followed the captain.

Dodge and Joe Dobbs closed in alongside Mr. Springer and the captain, while Ben, executing a sort of flank movement, got around behind the hummocks and attacked the enemy in the rear.

His methods were as original as he was himself.

Picking up several loose pieces of ice and breaking off others with his short ax, he began hurling the missiles with great force at the enemy.

Several received violent blows, and suddenly turned upon Ben to annihilate him.

"Come on!" he shouted, swinging his ax above his head, and as the foremost savage advanced he was felled to the ground by a blow that nearly split his shoulder.

The second man received a great gash in the cheek, and by the time that two or three others came to the aid of their companions, the captain and Springer had thrown themselves with such fierceness upon the rest that they were forced to shout for assistance.

Joe Dobbs then joined Ben, and the Indians, although they outnumbered the whites, found themselves caught between two fires and were forced to fight with the utmost desperation.

The whites attacked them so fiercely, felling man after man to the ground, that the Indians at last lost heart and fled.

"We have no time to lose if we wish to get to the ship before the night sets in," said the captain, when the enemy had fled. "Come, we must hasten."

Night came down when they were still at some distance and Captain Underwood wondered why no lights were displayed.

"Harry certainly knows enough to put up the lights," he muttered, "and even if he did not the girls would tell him."

"We can't have gone in the wrong direction can we?" asked Mr. Springer.

"No, I am sure we have not."

"Then something must have happened. These Indians that attacked us may have already visited the ship and made away with—"

"But we left the cook and steward and others on board besides Harry and the girls. Some one would be on the lookout and the Indians could not have taken them by surprise."

"No, and yet they might not have been on guard for a short time only, which would give—"

"Forward!" cried the captain. "We must learn the truth at once."

They pushed ahead at a rapid pace and before long Dodge shouted:

"Light ho! There she is, sure enough!" "That's a true yarn from you for once," said Ben. "Yes, there is the light! The old ship is safe after all, thank goodness!"

CHAPTER XV.

A WAKING DREAM.

WHEN Harry left the ship to go in search of the captain to tell him of the turn affairs had taken and bring him back with all haste, he went in the direction he had seen his father take and lost no time in getting upon the mainland.

He had not gone far, however, before he saw a party of men hurrying toward him, who he knew at once were none of those on the ship.

"Bother take it!" he muttered. "Those are Esquimaux or Indians, or some miserable natives or another. I can't waste any time on them, but how shall I get out of their way?"

The men evidently saw him, for they at once increased their speed and he could even hear their shouts.

He was between two dangers, and yet he felt that he must act at once.

To return to the ship meant danger from the mutineers; to go on would be to fall into the hands of the natives, who were evidently not at all amicably disposed.

If they had not seen him he might have hidden until they had passed, but now there was no alternative except flight.

Turning sharply to the left, the boy fled along the shore at a point where the cliffs or hills did not interfere with his progress, and soon reached a pass through which he ran at full speed, keeping, as much as he could, boulders or ice hummocks between him and any possible pursuers.

"Well, I've got away from them," he said at last, when, upon looking back along

the path he had come, he neither saw nor heard any sign of his pursuers. "But the next thing is, how am I going to find the skipper? The mate went this way, and I certainly don't want to meet him."

Coming to more open ground presently, he changed his course, so as to reach the captain, as he supposed, but he must have gone wrong, for he soon found himself in a sort of natural basin with great cliffs on all sides, and with no apparent outlet.

"Well, this is good!" he muttered. "Here I am in a desperate hurry, and now I've lost my way. How shall I get out? This is as bad as the meeting with the natives."

Although he did not know it at the time the Indians actually aided him, for in attacking and routing the mutineers they actually made it less important that the captain should return so speedily.

As he was groping about the strange place in which he had suddenly found himself, he came unexpectedly upon an opening in the rock more than wide enough to admit of his passing.

At the same instant several large flakes of snow fell upon him.

Looking up he received several more upon his face.

In an instant the air was full of fleecy white particles.

So thickly did they fall that in a few seconds only his shoulders were quite covered with them.

"This won't do," he muttered. "I was afraid of this. I wonder if there is any shelter here?"

He quickly passed through the opening and found himself in a sort of cave, apparently dark, but sheltered from the storm.

"Well, this is lucky," he exclaimed. "This must be a regular cave, not an ice cavern like the one I saw Mr. Carpenter in front of. I wonder if there could have been any one in it? I hate to think so, but—"

Well, time will tell.

He advanced a few paces, feeling his way along the wall as he left the light behind, and then stopping to think.

"This thing may extend I don't know how far, and there may be bears or wolves in it. I don't believe I had better go very far."

"I'm sorry the storm came up, for now I may lose the captain and have my journey for nothing unless he happens to reach the ship before the mate."

"I am afraid that it must be true and that the man is the villain I feared he was. If I were only sure about the other things. It is sure enough that he means to seize the ship and why might not he do the rest?"

He presently walked on a few paces and then stopped and sat down upon the stone floor of the cavern.

He did not intend to go to sleep, resolving to look out again soon and see if the storm had ceased.

Before he knew it, however, he had dropped into a heavy sleep, stretched out upon the rocky floor.

He did not know if he dreamed it, but presently he seemed to be walking through the cavern, thinking over the events of the last few hours.

Suddenly he heard a loud noise, and a strong cold breeze seemed to sweep upon him.

He stopped short and then seemed to hear some one say:

"Aha, that was a lucky fall for us. This is a perfect cave, and a fine shelter from the storm."

"Yes, but more easy to leave than the one you shut young Phil Farnsworth in," said another voice.

The boy recognized the first voice as that of the mate, the second one belonging to Shuttleworth.

"What do you know about that?" growled the mate, angrily.

"Oh, I only guessed it," laughed Shuttleworth; "but anyhow, I won't give you away. The others are not here to hear me."

"No, and it's fortunate they went in the other direction. They'll get back to the ship in time to take part in the fun there."

"Yes, and we might have been there, only for this storm, that had to come along so inopportunely."

"Well, it may not last long, and—h'm, it seems to be over even now, and—heavens! what is this?"

"What do you mean?"

"Can it be possible?" gasped the mate, as though speaking to himself. "Can this be the same place, and I did not know it? Yes, it is, and here is the body of Captain Farnsworth, whom I murdered four years ago!"

"You?" suddenly cried the third mate.

"Yes, I, Casper Dalton, as I was then called. I murdered the captain to possess his fortune, but there were some—"

A sudden wild shriek ran through the cavern, and the two villains fled in terror. The sound seemed to thrill the boy through and through, and he suddenly fell unconscious.

Some time later he awoke or seemed to recover consciousness, and found himself

near the entrance of a cave from which depended great icicles.

As he pressed forward he suddenly saw something which made him gasp:

"My God! it was not a dream, then! I was awake and learned the truth, to discover which Phil Farnsworth has come all the way to the Arctic Circle!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WE WILL PUBLISH THE FUNNY
FACES SENT US WITH THE NAMES
AND ADDRESSES OF THE SENDERS
FROM WEEK TO WEEK IN HAPPY
DAYS.

ON

The Night of the 9th

OR,

OLD KING BRADY AND THE MAN WHO WAS NEVER SEEN.

By A NEW YORK DETECTIVE,

Author of "Brady, Greene and Sleuth,"
"The Two Stars," "Old King Brady
and the Ventriloquist Banker," "The
Great Death Diamond," etc.

CHAPTER XXII.

ANOTHER HOLD-UP ON THE C & A.

"THEN you haven't seen any such person?"

"No."

"You understand my description?"

"Waal, I reckon."

"A young fellow of nineteen or twenty, all covered with mud like enough, carrying a grip, hand bag, or whatever you've a mind to call it?"

"No; I hain't seen him. He never came here."

Jesse James, who had been doing the talking, glanced at his brother.

The glance said:

"It's no use. We might as well go on."

Jesse gave Siroc the word.

The horse moved out of the farm-yard, followed by Jim Malone.

"It ain't any use," said Frank. "We're away off the trail."

"Wouldn't wonder," replied Jesse; "still, I hate most mightily to give it up and go back to the boys."

"We might as well."

"I own it looks so."

"Shall we do it?"

"S'pose we keep it up to the next house?"

"But if we can't hear nothing of the fellow here, how can we expect to at the next house?"

"We'll try it anyhow. If nothing comes out of it then we'll go back."

Having come to this resolve, the outlaw brothers put their horses to the trot down the dusty road.

It was an hour and more since Frank and Jesse started from the camp to seek Nat Peters.

They had returned to the point on the creek where Nat made his bold dash for freedom.

Arrived there, they found the boat gone and Oliver Dole with it.

Upon careful search they discovered what Jesse declared to be the boy's trail.

This had led them to the Littleford road. There it was lost.

Whether Nat had gone east or west there was no means of determining.

They tried it west first, but inquiry at several farm-houses brought no intelligence of the fugitive.

Returning to the point of starting then and trying it in the opposite direction they had the satisfaction of hearing of the boy at the first farm-house they came to.

This was the next and here the farmer stood ready to swear that he had not seen any such person.

But Jesse was soon to know the truth.

Before they reached the next house beyond they met a man driving out from Littleford in a farm wagon.

They stopped and questioned him civilly.

"Yes, I seen just such a feller," was the answer.

"Where?" asked Jesse, eagerly.

"Right on this road."

"How far?"

"I passed him about two miles on."

"Walking or riding?"

"Riding to be sure."

"On a horse?"

"Waal, neow, it wasn't on a cow, nor yet a billy goat. He had Dixon's brown mare."

Jesse gave a muttered exclamation and rode on.

"Keep cool," said Frank, as soon as they were out of hearing.

"Well, I'm trying to," retorted Jesse.

"Wouldn't I like to have Dixon here though!"

For Dixon, be it understood, was the very farmer who had just assured them that he had seen nothing of Nat.

They had the clew now, however, and they followed it straight to Littleford.

It required considerable courage to venture into the town again.

But Jesse was good for it.

Before making the dash he dismounted and crept ahead to reconnoiter.

Inside of ten minutes he was back again reporting all clear.

They rode straight to the hotel and called the landlord out.

"Great gosh! Is it you fellows again?" he exclaimed.

"Here! Come here! Don't stop in the doorway!" shouted Jesse.

The landlord moved to where they stood in a hurry.

For two cocked revolvers enforced the command.

"Say, don't shoot! I hain't standing up against you!" he whined.

Without answering Jesse put the question.

"Yes; he was here," was the answer.

"When?"

"Half an hour ago."

"Is he here now?"

"No."

"When did he go?"

"It must be fifteen minutes!"

"Where did he go to?"

"He's gone over to the station at Bay-

lissville with the gal."

"Girl! What girl?"

"Didn't you know he had a girl with him?"

"No. Who is she?"

"Give it up. You can see their names in my register, I don't know whether they are straight or not."

"Did they say where they were going?"

"They intend to take the train for Kansas City."

"When is the next?"

"Half past seven."

"None before?"

"None that stops."

"Where are those fellows and the detectives?"

"Gone to hunt your crowd up I reckon."

Without another word Jesse wheeled Siroc about, clapped on the spurs and rode off in the direction by which he had come.

Of course Frank followed him.

He was too well used to his brother's erratic movements to raise any question.

It was not until they were well out of Littleford that Jesse slackened speed and Frank ventured to speak.

"What in thunder did you light out for? Why didn't you follow 'em up?" he demanded.

"Why? Because I propose to kill two birds at one stone, and don't want to run into them detectives."

"What do you mean?"

"Business."

"And that means a hold-up?"

"It does."

"You are going to take that train, Jesse?"

"Frank, I am. We'll get what we want, and like enough make a big haul besides."

And wise or otherwise, Jesse's plan was carried out.

By six o'clock the outlaw band was on the move.

They crossed the Littleford road, and plunging into the forest on the other side, came out at length upon the tracks of the Chicago and Alton about two miles to the west of Baylissville.

"I reckon this place will do," remarked Jesse, looking around.

"Well, it ought to," declared Cole Younger.

Jim Cummins thought the same and said so.

So did Frank.

Clell Miller agreed with Jesse, of course.

Indeed, it would have been difficult to have disagreed with him, or to have found a better spot for their evil work.

To the east, high banks rose; to the west, the track turned.

Upon coming out of the cut the engineer could not see more than fifty feet ahead.

But he had not chosen the place blindly.

On the contrary, he knew it well.

"I reckon this will do," he declared.

"What time have you, Frank? My watch seems to have stopped."

"Why, it's half past seven now," replied Frank, consulting a handsome gold repeater—stolen, of course.

At the same instant a sharp whistle was heard down the cut.

"That's the train now, by gaul!" cried Jim Cummins.

"She's stopping at Baylissville," said Jesse. "Don't you hear?"

"Right you are," cried Frank, "and that gives us just time."

"And none to spare," exclaimed Jesse. Then came the orders:

"Mask!"

"Frank! Clell! Charlie Pites!"

"Dismount!"

"Make your horses fast!
"Lay into the woods right behind here!
"Cole Younger! You take the balance
of the boys around the curve!"
And all these commands were obeyed as they were given.

Jesse had dismounted while issuing them.

Taking a red lantern from his saddle bags, he clapped on his own mask, and stood ready for business.

"The same old signal, boys!" he shouted. But there was not a man nor a horse in sight then.

Jesse took up his position in the middle of the track.

He could hear the train starting out of Baylissville.

Louder and louder grew the rumbling. Nearer and nearer came the train, until at length the headlight could be seen shining along the cut like a huge fiery eye.

Then and not until then Jesse began to wave.

CHAPTER XXIII.

IS IT A TRAP?

"HUSH! not a word. Not a sound!" Thus breathed the mysterious unknown in Old King Brady's ear.

He took the detective by the arm and drew him away from the door.

Not until they were in the great hall did the detective venture to speak.

"What does all this mean?" he whispered.

"You saw?"

"Yes."

"You were startled?"

"For the moment I own I was."

"Ha, ha! Even your business has not made you brave under all circumstances."

"Can any man be always brave? Yet I know it must be only a delusion."

"You think so?"

"Yes."

"Ha, ha! Wait!"

"For what?"

But the unknown glided away into the darkness without answering.

Sping!

Suddenly a bell sounded.

Once only, and by no means loud.

Instantly the voice of the unknown was heard to whisper:

"Go back! Look again!"

Filled with curiosity now, Old King Brady glided back into the big parlor, and applied his eye to the hole in the door.

For the light still came streaming through it.

The sound of harp and violin was still heard.

So also were the feet of the merry dancers gliding over the floor.

Yet there was nothing merry in what Old King Brady saw through the hole.

He looked into a brilliantly lighted room.

It was filled with dancing figures.

Were they men or were they women?

Who could decide when to the keen eyes of Old King Brady they appeared so many hideous, bony things.

Simply skeletons.

Skeletons capering about the room like mad.

Wild and wilder grew the ghostly dance as he looked.

The grisly merry makers whirled each other around to the measure of the music played by unseen hands.

Sping!

Again the bell sounded.

Presto!

In an instant all had changed.

Old King Brady found himself staring at nothing.

The music ceased.

The ghostly dancers vanished.

In the room beyond all was darkness and silence—silence most profound.

Old King Brady flung open the folding doors and rushed into the room.

He had counted upon using his dark lantern.

Whipping it out with one hand, he grasped his revolver with the other.

But the lantern was empty.

He had forgotten that.

There was no light thrown upon the room.

"Fool!" breathed a voice out of the darkness. "Chasing shadows never pays!"

It was the voice of the mysterious unknown.

Old King Brady could feel but not see his shrouded form.

He paused, ashamed of his foolhardy dash.

"I am in your hands!" he whispered.

"Then obey me!"

"If this is the shadow, show me the real—"

"Follow me!"

It was useless to try to resist this strange creature.

The detective felt his influence and followed him without another word.

"Take hold of my cloak as you did before," was the order.

Old King Brady did this.

They glided on through the darkness.

Though the detective could see nothing, the unknown led the way unerringly.

Thus Old King Brady was led through passages, down stone steps through more passages, turning this way and turning that, until he began to wonder whether he would ever be able to find his way back again.

Suddenly came the word to halt.

"Prepare for business now," breathed the unknown.

"I am ready!"

"Summon all your courage."

"For what?"

"An ordeal awaits you through which few men could pass unmoved."

"More clap-trap—more ghostly humbug."

"Not that but—"

"What—why do you pause?"

"Hark!"

"I heard nothing."

"Listen—listen!"

Now upon the detective's ears fell the sound of stealthy footsteps.

Creeping—creeping!

Stealing along the passage behind them they came.

"It is as I feared. We are followed," breathed the unknown. "Prepare to defend yourself, Mr. Brady. Only your own courage can save you now."

CHAPTER XXIV.

AN OLD TIME TRAIN ROBBERY.

"HANDS UP, stop that train or you are a dead man!"

The engineer of the approaching train had already slowed down.

His eyes caught the signal.

For Jesse James waved the lantern in such a way that to avoid seeing it would have been next to impossible.

Yet he had not fully stopped his train.

But he who hesitates is lost it is said and it was so with this engineer on the C. and A.

Jesse whistled and dropped the lantern.

Both hands went up.

In each was a cocked revolver.

Out of the woods behind him Frank came flying.

Clell Miller and Charlie Pitts were close behind him.

Each man had his revolver ready.

All the revolvers were leveled at the cab.

Under these circumstances there was nothing to do but to obey.

And the engineer did obey the somewhat contradictory order.

He pulled the lever and flung up his hands.

"A hold-up, by time!" he gasped as the fireman followed his example.

"Out! Out of there!" cried Jesse, and he whistled again.

Now it was not usual for Jesse James to order an engineer from his cab.

Why he did it on this occasion we cannot explain.

We are dealing with facts, and must relate them just as they occurred.

With a sulky growl the engineer left the cab.

The fireman followed.

"Guard them, boys!" ordered Jesse.

And he moved back along the line of cars.

By this time Cole Younger and his crowd came dashing up.

None too soon either.

Unlike most conductors with whom the bandit king had to deal, this one was disposed to show fight.

Crack!

Leaping from the steps of the smoker at this moment, he discharged a revolver full at Jesse.

Crack!

Crack!

As the shot flew harmlessly past the head of Missouri's most noted outlaw, Cole Younger, Wood Hite, and Hobbs Kerry let fly.

"Great heavens, I'm shot!" groaned the conductor.

His right arm dropped helplessly to his side; the revolver fell ringing to the ground.

Even before Cole could reach the man Jesse was at his side.

"You would, would you?" he hissed, raising his foot.

What he might have done we cannot say, for Frank, who saw the whole operation, stopped him with a shout.

"Don't kill him, Jess—don't kill him! It won't pay!" he cried.

Jesse stopped short.

"Guard him, boys. See that he does no more mischief," he growled.

Then with a signal understood by those who saw it, he leaped upon the train.

The signal said:

"Follow me, boys! Each take a car!"

It was instantly obeyed.

There were only two passenger cars beside the smoker.

The train was a local and had no Pullman.

The express and baggage car made up the rest.

"You look to the express car, Cole, I've got other business!" called Jesse.

He rushed into the smoker.

Hobbs Kerry and Wood Hite followed him.

Watches, pocket-books, pins and rings were gathered up.

Jesse was ever systematic in his work.

He knew that not a man could escape from the train without being shot down by those he had ordered to stand guard outside.

From the smoker Jesse went through to the next car.

Usually he divided this work.

In this instance, however, he took it all upon himself—and for reasons that the reader can easily guess.

Nat and Camille were the objects of his search.

He found them in the last car.

Poor Nat!

He had tried twice to escape.

But there were bandits on the back platform, and bandits on the front.

Nat could do nothing but wait.

And the blow came with the arrival of Jesse James.

"Ah, there! You still live!" hissed the bandit king, gliding up to poor Nat, revolver in hand.

Nat stared silently.

"Answer! Why don't you answer?" Jesse hissed.

"What do you want? To rob me like the rest? Here's my pocket-book—"

"Ha! Ha! It won't work! As though I didn't know you!"

"But—"

"Shut up! Introduce me to your friend please."

"This lady is not with me. I—"

"You lie! Up! Sit up!"

"What—"

"One—two—"

It was no use!

Nat's little ruse fell flat.

Jesse forced him to his feet at the point of the revolver.

Then Camille.

The girl showed some fight.

She screamed for help and would not rise.

Nat sprang at Jesse then and would have struck him, had not Hobbs Kerry caught and held him fast.

Jesse seized Camille and pulled her out of the seat.

There was the precious bag.

It had been hidden by the girl's skirts.

"Eureka!" cried Jesse, as he seized it.

Adding:

"Away with them! We've finished our job now!"

Then much to the relief of the passengers, the outlaws left the train.

Jesse had Nat fast by the arm.

He led him to Siroc and forced him to mount.

Hobbs Kerry brought Camille.

She also was lifted to the saddle, but on another horse.

"Gaurd 'em, Hobbs and Wood!" cried Jesse.

Back to the train he flew.

Cole Younger was just coming out of the express car.

The Shepard Boys were with him.

"Catch anything, Cole?" Jesse called out.

"Only a couple of hundred dollars," growled Cole.

"Gosh blame it all!" he added, "if it had been you, Jess, it would have been a couple of hundred thousand, I s'pose."

"Ha, ha, ha! I've beat you then!" cried Jesse.

He waved the bag of which he had never once let go.

"There's a good fifty thousand here, Cole Younger," he whispered.

"What?" cried Cole.

But Jesse turned away and shouted:

"Put the engineer and fireman aboard!"

It was done by Frank and Clell.

"Let him start. All aboard! All aboard!"

He kept his hand up as the train pulled out and disappeared around the curve.

"What success?" demanded Frank.

"Complete!" cried Jesse. "Mount, boys, mount!"

All hands hurried to their horses.

They were in the saddle in no time and gathered at the edge of the forest.

"Let her go!" cried Jesse, who had mounted behind Nat on Siroc's back.

They started then.

Jesse led the way straight into the forest.

In a moment the woods had swallowed them up.

Never had a train robbery by the James Boys been more successful.

It was planned and executed in regular old time style.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

YOU HAVE NO IDEA WHAT A FUNNY FACE YOU CAN MAKE WITH FOUR STROKES OF A PEN 'TILL YOU TRY. SEE CIRCLE ON PAGE 2.

SHINER,

The New York Bootblack;

OR,

The Secret of a Boy's Life.

By N. S. WOOD,
(The Young American Actor.)

Author of "The Boy Captain of the 71st N. Y.," "From the Street," "The Boss Boy Bootblack of New York," etc.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE SECRET IS ALMOST TOLD.

REACHING the old house after Dave and the old woman had entered, Mr. Baxter Hampton, otherwise Cool Dick, paused and looked around him.

He was disguised by a heavy beard and mustache, a suit of rough clothes, a slouched hat and heavy boots, and looked like a sailor just home from a long voyage.

"How did they get in?" he muttered.

"The place seems locked and barred on all sides, but I know they went in and I must do the same."

He made his way cautiously along the wall, feeling the boards, trying the doors gently and examining every corner where he imagined there might be a door concealed.

"The boy must be got rid of," he continued. "Come what may he must not inherit his father's millions. If it were only for revenge now, I would cheat him out of his inheritance, but I shall not fail a second time in carrying out my plan of becoming the husband of Mattie Winterton."

"Let me see, perhaps that will not be necessary. A forged marriage certificate, the sworn statement of the minister who married us—ha, ha! that's good—very good! Yes, I shall be her husband in spite of everything, and she dies suddenly, and I, as her husband, inherit all her fortune."

"H'm—yes, but there is another impediment. Not only the boy and the girl must be gotten rid of, but the old man as well! H'm! wholesale murder that, but then,"

and the scoundrel laughed, "I shall not stick at that. It is not the first time."

"Confound that old hag! How did she get in? I'll swear that I saw her enter the place, and so must I if I have to tear it to pieces. There does not seem to be the slightest means of entering, and yet—well, what does it matter? I can destroy them as well by remaining outside as I can by forcing an entrance."

"The place is old and half decayed, the boards are rotten and will burn like punk. A fire once started will be impossible to put out. Yes, I'll do it and rid myself at one blow of two of my enemies!"

He hurriedly recrossed the street, and disappeared in the doorway whence he had emerged a short time before.

In a few minutes he returned, carrying something under his arm.

It was a small iron bar, and with it he pried off several boards near the ground, being careful to make as little noise as possible.

Having made an opening a few inches high and two or three feet in length, he dug away the plaster and laths for a short space till he had made an opening as large as his two palms.

He then took from his side pocket a quantity of tow which he stuffed into the opening in the inner wall, also dropping considerable of the same between the laths and the clapboards.

Then with a small can of oil or turpentine which he had set upon the ground, he reached in and saturated the tow, sprinkling the fluid also over the boards inside and out.

All this time he had been in the shadow and was unobserved, there being no one passing in the street at this time.

"Now, then, to fire the place and get rid of two of my foes, the rest to follow, all in good time!" he hissed.

Striking a match between the outer and inner walls so that its light might not betray him, he touched it to the saturated tow and then dropped it upon that beneath.

In an instant the combustible material was all ablaze.

Dropping the can into the flames below, the man hurriedly closed the gap he had made, so that the fire might be confined to the walls and the interior, and not show itself on the outside until the warning would be too late.

Then, with a triumphant chuckle and an angry exclamation, he quickly left the place, muttering savagely:

"There! in a few minutes they will be beyond escape, and a part of my plans will have succeeded."

"This way, Davy, my boy, this way. I've something to tell you that you'll be surprised to hear. Oh, yes, I know how to be good to those I love, wicked as I am," chat-

tered the old woman, as she led the way to the floor above.

"Yes'm," said Dave, who fancied that his guide was still laboring under some insane delusion.

Reaching the door of her room, she pushed it open, and said:

"Go in, Davy, boy, go in, and see what you will see; ha, ha, you didn't expect it, I know you didn't, but I'm a wiser old woman than you think, and I know that you—he—he—yes, I know what you would—"

"Why, it's Tillie!" cried Dave suddenly, as a figure arose upon his entrance.

Hurrying toward her, he seized the woman's hand and asked, eagerly:

"Don't you know me now, Tillie? It's me, Dave—little Dave of the circus. You were good to me once, and now I want—"

"Davy, yes, yes, little Davy, I remember now," said the woman, in whose face there was more expression than when the boy had last seen it. "Yes, you are the boy Davy, and I am the Mademoiselle Clotilde, premiere equestrienne of the circus," and she smiled. "Once I was young and pretty, Davy, but now—ah, now I am—"

"You're as pretty as you always was, Tillie," interrupted the boy, "and I know you're just as good. I've been wanting to see you a long time—ever since that night that—"

The old woman was suddenly seized with a violent fit of coughing, and as Dave turned to look at her, she gave him a quick signal.

"Gee! I 'most forgot!" he murmured. "Guess I musn't say anything about that!"

"You wanted to see me, Davy?" asked the former equestrienne, sitting down. "How did you know that I was still alive? It is many years since I saw you, many long, cruel years, which have made me old and ugly, and—ha! that life was a living hell, a continual torment, a—"

A strange look came into the equestrienne's eyes, and the old woman suddenly sprang to her side and put her hands upon Tillie's shoulders.

"Here is Davy, our little Davy, come to see you, my dear," she said, soothingly. "You remember Davy? You know what a pretty fellow he was? He is older now, but see what a splendid boy he is!"

"Why, yes, I remember Davy," said Tillie, whose face had grown suddenly calm again. "Well, well, so this is Davy, the child wonder of the circus. Do you ride a horse now, my boy?"

"Sometimes," said Dave, sitting beside the woman, "but I don't get much chance these days. You remember me when I was a little fellow, don't you? Didn't I use to tell you stories, things what had happened to me, I mean, all about my father and mother, and where I used to live; you remember all that, don't you?"

"About your father and mother, Davy? You used to tell me about them!" and the woman's brow clouded. "You used to tell me stories."

"Why, yes, didn't I? I can't remember, but I thought maybe you would. Don't you remember what I told you?" and the boy looked appealingly into his old friend's eyes.

"You do remember, don't you, dear?" asked the old woman. "You know you said you remembered all about him? You'll tell him, won't you? Davy's a good boy, you know, and you used to like him so much."

"Yes, yes, poor little fellow, and they abuse him so; they are so cruel to him; it is a shame to treat the poor baby so harshly," muttered Tillie, her memory evidently reverting to the old days, and speaking as if that time were the present. "It is a miserable shame, and if his father only knew it I know he would—"

"Yes, my dear, he would not suffer it. He is a good, kind man and—what did you say his name was, my dear?"

"His name?" repeated Tillie. "Why, yes, Davy told me all that when he came here. Dawson bought him, you know, of gypsies, who had stolen or bought him from some one else, and his name was—"

There came a sudden dull explosion, and the room began to fill rapidly with stifling smoke.

The old woman ran to the door and threw it open.

"God save us!" she shrieked. "The place is one mass of flame."

CHAPTER XVII.

THE OLD HOME DESTROYED.

THE old woman rushed back into the room, closed and locked the door, and said:

"I guess who it is that has done this, but I will cheat him yet. Follow me, both of you."

Hurrying across the room without her staff, and with none of the faltering step that usually distinguished her, Mother Harpy threw open a door in one corner, the existence of which was unknown to Dave, and said:

"There is a secret way here, leading between the walls to a room below. Few

know of it but myself and I have often used it to advantage. Come!"

"Let me go first, missis," cried Dave. "The fire may have reached the lower room. I'll go first and see."

"No. You will miss the way," said the old woman. "There are other doors to open; you would not find them and the flames would overtake you. Come! Keep hold of my cloak and follow close behind."

Then she entered a dark and narrow passage, Dave following close behind, one hand grasping his guide's cloak and the other in one of Tillie's.

Down they went, winding about till Dave became confused and had no idea whither he was going.

Now and then his shoulders touched the wall, and once the old woman told him to stoop as the ceiling was low.

As they descended the air grew more hot and close, and presently they could hear the crackling of flames and smell the smoke which seemed rapidly filling the place.

"We are almost at the bottom," said Mother Harpy. "There is one more door to be opened, and then—"

"Suppose the fire is down here, can't we get out another way?" asked Dave.

"Yes, but we shall make our escape by this—be careful!"

There was a short but very steep flight of stairs at this point.

As the old woman uttered a sudden caution, Dave's foot slipped and he fell.

Tillie's hand was released, and at the next instant a door at the foot of the steps burst open and a wall of fire—a veritable living furnace—was suddenly revealed.

"Gee!" cried Dave, as the old woman suddenly darted ahead, "we can never pass that! We shall be burned alive!"

He was about to follow when he suddenly remembered his companion.

"Tillie! where are you?" he cried, looking back. "Quick, there ain't any time to lose."

There was no answer and the boy, almost frantic, rushed up the steps.

"Davy!" sounded the shrill voice of the old woman from below, "where are you, boy?"

"Tillie!" cried Dave, hurrying on. "Where are you? This is the way, where are you?"

There was a sudden puff of fiery, smoke-laden air, and in an instant the passage seemed full of flame.

Dave put his hand before his eyes and stepped back a pace, darting a rapid glance above.

He saw nothing of Tillie, and in a moment a shower of blazing particles fell upon him.

He would even then have gone on, but he was suddenly driven back by a fierce mass of flame which scorched his clothing, singed his hair and sent a sharp pain through his eyes.

He reeled and fell down several steps and then, nearly blinded by smoke and his clothes beginning to burn, he gave a flying leap and landed at the foot of the steep flight of steps, thence hurrying through the doorway into a small, low-ceiled room on the lower floor.

"Hallo, Misses, where are you?" he cried. "Which is the way out? Have you seen Tillie?"

One side of the room was all ablaze, but on the opposite side there was a door and the boy hurried to this and threw it open.

"Why, this is the hall," he cried. "I wonder if Tillie got out ahead of me? She must have and the old woman was trying to tell me about it."

The hall was full of smoke and as Dave hurried on, flames suddenly broke through the front walls and blazing fragments began to fall from the ceiling.

The fire engines were now heard rattling along the street outside, and just as Dave reached the door it was broken down by a blow from an ax and fell upon him.

"Hold up! wait a moment!" he cried, extricating himself from the wreck of the door which had thrown him down. "I want to get out first!"

"Hallo, young fellow," cried a brawny fireman, "been setting the old rat trap on fire, have you? where's the old witch who lives here?"

"She is not an old witch, and I didn't set the place on fire. She's here somewhere. Get her out if you can!"

"You'd better get yourself out if you don't want to be burned to a crisp," cried the man.

In another moment a stream of water came rushing in and took the man off his feet, giving Dave a wetting but not hurting him.

"Hold on!" cried the fireman, and the stream was directed to one side, Dave slipping out as a cry rang out that the building was about to fall.

The crowd fell back and Dave hurried to a place of safety, whence he could watch the destruction of what had so long been his home.

"Why, hallo, Dave, what on oith are you doing here?" he suddenly heard in the familiar voice and accents of Peter Green. "How'd the place catch on fire?"

"Seen the old woman, Pete?" Dave asked, without answering his companion.

"No, I ain't. Why, you're all wet and you've been boined. Where's your hat? How did it happen?"

"Somebody set it on fire and I had a hard time gettin' out. Wish I knew if Tillie and the old woman got out. I'm afraid Tillie didn't."

"Who's Tillie, your guyl?" asked Pete.

"I never hold her name was—"

"Tillie's the woman that was good to me in—"

"Oh, yare, in the coicous. I remember her now. Was she in the house with the old woman?"

"Yes, and—look out, Pete, she's going to fall!"

Both boys darted off, and in another moment the roof of the house fell in, carrying the front wall with it.

"My! that was a close shave!" cried Pete. "I hold the alarm and come to see where it was. Say, how did you happen to be down-town when—"

"I went to see the old woman, and Tillie was there, and she told me all about—No, she didn't! I didn't hear a thing except what I knew already. The fire stopped it."

"Stopped what?"

"Hearing who my father was. Tillie knows and she wasn't so crazy to night, and she started to tell. Don't know how the old woman found her, but she did and now—"

"I say, it's getting hot here, Dave, and here comes another engine. Let's get out o' the way. Say, where you going now?"

"I don't know, unless—"

"Come home with me. Mother 'll be glad to see you. Was the old woman and Tillie boined up?"

"I don't know. I hope not."

The boys watched the fire until little was left of the old house, and then Dave went home with Pete, feeling as forlorn as on the morning that he had found his old home barred against him.

CHAPTER XVIII.

AN IRREPARABLE LOSS.

A WEEK passed and nothing was heard of Mother Harpy or the former equestrienne and it was not certain if either of them had escaped at the time of the fire.

"I guess the missis got out all right," remarked Dave, when the matter was brought up, "but I'm afraid Tillie got burned up."

"What makes you so interested in the woman, David?" asked Mr. Winterton, on one occasion, a week after the fire.

Dave had gone up to the merchant's house to take a lesson from Mattie and Mr. Winterton chanced to hear him say something about Tillie.

"Well, sir, you know she knows all about me and I'd like to find out who I am, because it's better to be somebody than nobody."

Mattie smiled, having heard this complaint before, but it was new to her father. "Then you don't know your parents?" the latter asked.

"No, sir."

"Have you no recollection of them at all?"

"No, sir. I remember being in the circus, but nothing before that. I think I did remember at first, and told Tillie, but now I forget."

"What do you know of your early life?" Tillie says that Dawson got me from gypsies, but that they bought me or stole me from some one who had stolen me first."

"But you have nothing that you wore when you—"

"Why, yes, sir, I have. I have a locket that I used to wear around my neck, but it's locked, and I can't see if there's any picture in it."

"You have it with you?"

"No, sir, it's at the house, but I'll bring it up. Then there's a little shirt with lace on it and—"

"Why, Mattie, you should have told me this before," said the merchant, greatly excited. "I have an idea that David may be my own son, stolen when a child. It is strange that I never thought of him in this connection."

"But my little brother was reported to have died."

"I never really credited the report. He was traced to a band of gypsies, but when questioned they declared that he was dead. I offered them rewards, but they adhered to their first statements."

"They might have produced a spurious child."

"No, for I told them nothing which would aid them. They had probably sold the child and were afraid to say so."

"Did my brother wear a locket?"

"Yes, but that may not tell us anything. Other children have lockets—other children have been stolen. I must see this one that David has in order to be satisfied that he is my son."

"Do you see any resemblance to any of our family in—"

"Yes, but then again that may be accidental. He looks much as your mother

did, but very much more like a younger brother of hers, for whom he was named."

"Do you mean Uncle Dan, who died ten years ago?"

"Yes. He has Dan's eyes and hair and general build, and greatly resembles him as he looked at the same age."

"Gee!" said Dave, dropping into his old manner of speaking, "I never thought I could be as fine as that! Wouldn't it be funny if Shiner, the bootblack, was the son of Mr. Stephen Winterton, the merchant? My! it 'most takes my breath away!"

"Stranger things have happened, my boy," said the merchant, gravely, "and the more I think of it the more I am convinced that such may be the case—nay, that it is so."

"Then you'll be my sister, won't you, Miss Mattie?" asked Dave, his eyes shining. "That's the best yet. I'll be glad of that!"

"Then you think that it is more honor to be Mattie's brother than to be my son, do you?" asked Mr. Winterton, smiling.

"No, sir, I don't know that it is. I didn't mean that, of course, but—well, you know she has been so good to me and—and I love her so much and—"

"Aha, Mattie!" interrupted the merchant, laughing heartily, "I am afraid that if David does not prove to be your brother he will develop into a dangerous rival to Carstone when he grows older."

"Why, I wouldn't take her away from Mr. Carstone for the world," said Dave, seriously. "I like him next. He's been a good friend of mine. If it hadn't been for him I wouldn't have seen Miss Mattie at all."

"And I would have been killed!" said Mattie. "It must have been my good angel that brought you two together."

"I am more and more convinced," mused Mr. Winterton, half to himself, "that he is my son. That look of his just now reminded me more strongly than ever of my young brother-in-law."

"Do you know," spoke up Mattie, quickly, having heard her father's remark, "I think that there is one way in which we can repay David for what he did for us and something that he cannot refuse."

"What is that?"

"If you do not prove him to be your son you can make him so by—"

"By marrying him to you?" and the merchant laughed.

"No, of course not," said Mattie, blushing. "You know he won't take me from Harold. There is another way. You can adopt him and make him legally your son."

"Gee!" said Dave so heartily that both Mattie and her father were obliged to laugh.

"I've got to stop saying that," said Dave coloring deeply. "I wish you'd punch me I mean pinch me every time I say it."

"I'll do it," said the merchant.

"Thank you, sir," said Dave. "Not much of a pinch you know, just a little one to—"

"I didn't mean that, my boy," replied Mr. Winterton smiling. "I meant that I would adopt you."

The handsome little fellow's eyes suddenly filled with tears and for a few moments he could not speak.

"I don't want you to do that, sir," he said at length, in a choking voice, "or not right away, anyhow. I want to be a boy to be proud of, to know a lot and be smart in business before that. You're awfully good to me, sir, and I'm going to try and make you so proud of me that—"

"I am proud of you now, Dave," said the merchant, dropping the more formal name, "and so are we all, and—by the way, I never thought of that!"

"What's that?" asked Mattie.

"Why, there was a picture book that belonged to our baby, and Dan had written his name in it. 'Dan Winterton,' he wrote it. His writing was peculiar and one could easily take the 'Dan' to be 'Dave.' By Jove! my dear, I believe we are getting nearer to the truth every minute."

"Whose picture was in the locket?"

"His own on one side, his mother's on the other."

"Then it all depends upon what we find in the locket?"

"It does, my boy. You must bring me the locket the first thing in the morning."

"I will," said Dave.

When he reached home that night, his landlady met him on the stairs.

"You got the package you sent for, I suppose?" she asked.

"I didn't send for any package," said Dave, in surprise.

"Why, yes, you did. The blacking box, you know. I thought it was kind of queer, but the note was all right, and—"

"And you sent the box?"

"Certainly."

"Then the locket is gone!" gasped Dave, "and I shall never learn the truth!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

IT'S AN EASY THING TO MAKE FROM \$5 TO \$50 WITH FOUR STROKES OF A PEN. TRY IT. SEE PAGE 16.

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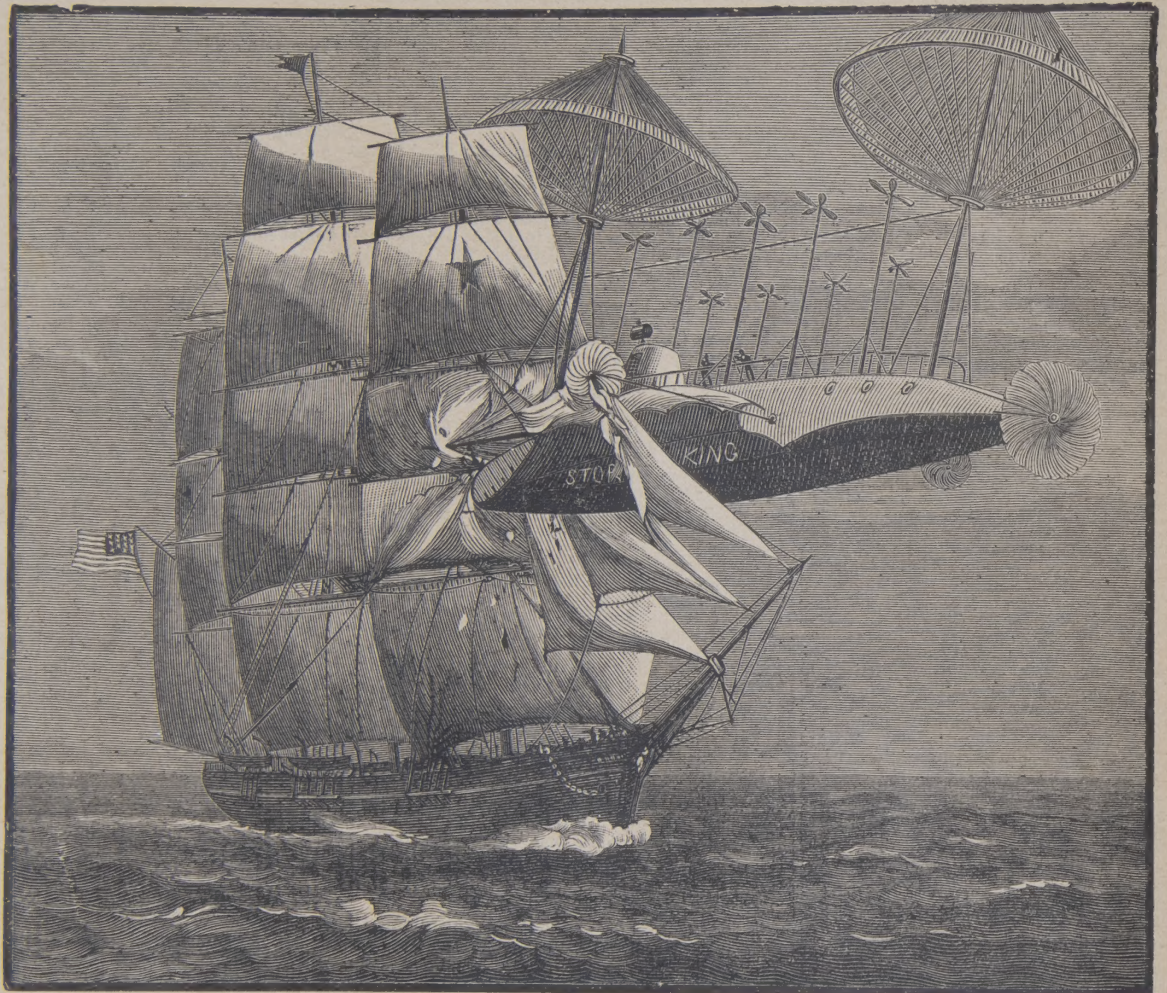
CHAPTER VI.

CHASED BY A MAN-OF-WAR.

As the Sea Serpent was dragged into the seething vortex of the submarine whirlpool the roaring noise that rumbled through her interior swelled into a deafening thunder, and she was whirled around like a whisp of straw in a gale.

utes longer, there suddenly came a fearful shock, and then the Sea Serpent paused near the bottom.

She slowly rose a few feet and caught in a powerful current, she rushed away through a huge tunnel, on a level keel, and Jack shut the sea valves, while his companions bounded to their feet.



THE AIR-SHIP DASHED AHEAD WITH FEARFUL VELOCITY, AND THE NEXT MOMENT HER BOWSPRIT CRASHED INTO THE SHIP'S RIGGING. A WILD CHORUS OF SHOUTS ROSE FROM THE CREW OF THE VESSEL, AND WITH A SUDDEN WRENCH THE STORM KING WAS CAPSIZED AMID THE BROKEN SPARS AND TORN SAILS.

Every one aboard was obliged to grasp some support in the pilot house to prevent themselves being hurled to the floor by the violence of the diving boat's actions in the grasp of the spinning waters.

Such articles that were not fastened flew wildly through the air, and so great was the strain on the vessel's hull that she creaked and groaned all over.

Down—down she plunged into the awful chasm of boiling brine, her hull banging and scraping against projecting rocks, and her crew in a fever of nervous suspense that was maddening.

Night had fallen on the earth, but it was not as dark and gloomy as the black pall which now surrounded the Sea Serpent.

As soon as Jack recovered his wits he realized that the pressure on the air-chambers was becoming terrible, and grasping the reservoir lever he pulled it in order to take on more ballast.

By so doing he equalized the boat's sinking capacity with the pressure of the water on top, and thus relieved the strain.

When they were caught in the whirlpool, the boat was sunk to a depth of 400 feet, and now a terrible fear entered his mind that they might be carried more than twice that depth.

As the Sea Serpent was not constructed to withstand a pressure of more than 800 feet, if she was pulled deeper, there was every chance of the awful weight of water crushing her like a hydraulic machine.

To go up against that down-pouring torrent was impossible.

Continuing to descend for several min-

One glance out the window showed Jack that they were in a tunnel under the sea. "She is all right now!" he exclaimed, as he grasped the wheel and steered her.

"Lord A'mighty!" gasped Tim. "Whar did we dive—down a well?"

"Yes, and this tunnel runs off at an angle from the bottom of it."

"Vos dere blendy room ter get troo it?" asked Fritz, rising from the floor.

"So far there has been. I can't tell what is coming though."

"Haden't I better keep a lookout?" nervously asked Forrest.

"By all means. I have to watch the indicators occasionally."

Tim and Fritz began to gather up the fallen articles littering the floor.

Now that their descent had ceased, their confidence was restored, and they shouted at Bismarck and Whiskers to keep quiet, as they were yelling furiously.

"Gee whiz!" said Tim, as they finished this task. "That ere wuz a awful dive we took. D'yer know wot it makes me think of, Fritz?"

"Nein!" replied the young Dutchman. "Ohf vot you spoken?"

"A leetle incident wot happened when I wuz in ther navy. One dark an' stormy night, when ther wind wuz a howlin' gale, an' ther waves runned high as mountings, I heerd a screech. Out on deck I goes an' wot d'yer s'pose I seen?"

"Vot?"

"Ther captain's wife an' leetle two-year old son wuz aboard. Ther youngster must a-been a sleep-walker, 'cause he'd got up

in his leetle white night gown, come out o' ther cabin, an' goin' up ther shrouds o' ther mainmast, he clumb ter ther truck, an' thar he wuz standin' up on ther werry top!"

"Shiminey Christmas—"

"Wait! He woke up when he found out whar he wuz. Ther ship wuz reelin' under him frightful, an' as thar wuzn't nuthin' ter catch hold on, he had ter extend his leetle arms like a tight-rope walker, ter stiddy hisself. I tell yer, Fritz, he looked like a angel, clad in white, standin' up thar, outlined agin ther black sky, on top o' that tall mast. A yell o' horror busted from every lip o' ther watch on deck, an' it brung ther mother o' ther youngster out. She wuz wild wi' alarm an' screeched, an' cried, an' begged every one ter save her darlin' child!"

"But Dim—"

"Hold hard thar, my hearty, untill I finish. Waal, sir, how wuz we ter save that

poor leetle critter from bein' hurled down ter ther deck an' gittin' mangled? I'll tell yer. I done it. How? This way. Coolness wuz necessary.

"Realizin' this I got a long line an' made a slip-noose in ther end. Standin' on ther deck, on ther starboard side, I yelled up at ther child: 'Stan' by thar ter clap on this top-tackle wi' yer sister-hooks, an' splice it in a runnin'-bowline abaft o' yer gaffs. When yer has it hauled taut, make fast yer two midship robins ter ther buntlines an' I'll sheer yer hulk down on our weather beam!' He wuz a brave lad. Spittin' on his han's, he sung out: 'Heave away, my hearty! I'm sorry I caused yer all o' this trouble, but I wuz eatin' cheese fer mess, an' smoked four pipefuls o' terbacker afore turnin' in an' it gimme ther nightmare.' Then I hove him ther line—"

"Say!" roared Fritz, glaring ferociously at Tim, "dot kid vos only two year old, so how der tuyfel he could glimb up dot mast, understood dot dalk, und shmoke him a bipe—hey?"

"Awast!" said Tim, reddening guiltily. "I'll 'splain arterwids. Whar wuz I? Oh, yes! Waal, sir, he ketched ther rope, an' ther minute he fastened it aroun' him he jumped ter ther deck an' wuz saved. Yer'd oughter seed how glad his poor mother wuz. It would a did yer heart good ter seen her hug an' kiss ther poor leetle lubber—"

"Shut up!" howled Fritz, banging the table with his fist.

(Continued on Page 11.)

YELLOW AND BLACK;

OR,

THE TWO BOSSES OF WHACKINGTON ACADEMY.

By SAM SMILEY,

Author of "A New Tommy Bounce," "Aunt Maria," "The Shortys Doing Europe," "Out for Fun," "The Shortys on the Road," etc., etc., etc.

PART III.

For a few days things went along smoothly enough at Whackington Academy.

There was mischief going on evidently, but no one seemed to know who was responsible for it.

None of the bosses, that is to say. Dick could have told.

So could a few of his chums.

"Yep, mespect so," and Wing kept right on with his back to the ancient maiden. Aurora walked over towards him with blood in her eye. "The ideal!" she snorted. "How dare you talk to me like that?" "Me no say nossling, Missee Lolee," chirped Wing with a bland smile. "Well, why don't you? Have you no respect for me? The ideal!"

melody and, not expecting any one, heard nobody.

"I spect dat Chineese am down-stairs, just a loafin' while I'se gotter do all de wo'k," he presently muttered.

The boys were right behind him at that instant.

They might have been in Egypt for all he knew of it.

"I'se just got a good min' ter go down dere an' give dat Chineese fits, dat's wha' I sayed."

He went.

In a second the boys had tumbled him into the elevator.

Down it went in a hurry.

Wash was not very heavy, but he was heavy enough.

Miss Whacker had just gone over to give Wing some more of her mind.

She thought she had not fully impressed her importance upon him.

himself up and then the dough, and going right on with his kneading.

The old maid couldn't get any satisfaction out of him or Wash either, and so she sallied out of the kitchen as mad as hops.

It was a Saturday afternoon. There wasn't much to do around the house.

At least Wing did not think so.

Neither did Wash.

For once they agreed.

They concluded to go fishing, that being the next best thing.

Getting their poles, lines and bait, off they started.

It was not necessary to ask Whacker's permission.

Such an idea never entered their heads. They would have scouted it if it had been suggested to them.

Wing had on a low-crowned, broad-brimmed soft felt hat.

Wash wore a big straw hat to preserve the clearness of his complexion.

The Chinaman had on double-decked felt shoes.

The coon sported cowhide boots, of very large proportions.

Off they set for the river, bound to have a good time.

When they reached the bank, they looked for a good place to fish from.

Dick Sharp was rowing across the river in a boat a hundred yards further up stream.

Wing wasn't looking that way and didn't see him.

Wash had the sun in his eyes and didn't see anything else.

"Where go fishee, Washy?" asked Wing.

"Wull, I reckon we'se 'bout's well off right yer as any place."

"Yep, me spect so. You got baittee?"

"Dat's wha' I sayed. Say, Chineese?"

"Yeppee."

"Yo' saw dat limb oberhead?"

"Me no gottee saw. Me no can do, hap."

"Ah, go on. I didn't wan' yo' to saw it in two. Yo' seen it, didn't yo'?"

"Yep, me spect so. Why you no tell me dat fustee time?"

"Dat's wha' I sayed, ain't it? Yo' see dat yer limb?"

"Yep, me spect so."

"Wull, dat's a bully place fo' us to sit an' fish."

"Yep, me spect so."

"Dat's wha' I sayed, ain't it? Me'n you kin sot dere, right ober de watah an' fish bully."

"Yep, me spect so."

"Dat's wha' I sayed, didn't I? Wha' yo' wan' ter be so foolish fo'? Ain't yo' got no sense?"

"Yep, me spect so."

"Ah! I hu't yo' if yo' say dat agin."

"Washy hurttee Wingy?"

"Dat's wha' I sayed."

"All light, me climbee tlee, fishee in liver, catchee plenty heap fishee fo' sup-pee."

"Dat's wha' I sayed."

The two freaks climbed the tree and sat on the limb overhanging the river.

It was a dandy place to fish.

There was plenty of room overhead to swing their poles.

There were do twigs below to catch their lines.

The limb was big enough to sit on with comfort.

It wasn't much to climb the tree.

The limbs seemed to grow out like steps.

The one over the river was the only one of the sort.

Well, there were others, but they were away up.

Having got themselves and their rods and lines in the tree the two fishermen sat down.

Wing had a box of bait in the pocket of his bloomers.

Wash had some bait in a bottle.

It was the same as Wing's.

Fishermen usually carry it, however.

In a few moments the pair were fishing.

Wash suddenly slapped his cheek.

The movement caused his float to dance.

"You gottee bite," said Wing.

"Dat's wha' I sayed, but dem bites don't count."

"Yep, me spect so. You catchee skee-tee?"

"Reckon yo's right, Wingy, skeeters or bugs or suffin' else."

There was no other disturbance for some time.

It grew monotonous.

Wash laid his pole across his knee and got out his bottle.

"You wan' some o' dat?"

"Yep, me spect so."

"Aftah me, sah."

Then Wash took a nip.

"Whattae dat, whisklee?"

"Dat's wha' I sayed. Take some."

Wing was not at all backward.

He took a good three fingers.

If there had been more he would have had it.

Wash had taken the precaution to drink first.

The empty bottle went back to his pocket.



DICK EVIDENTLY THOUGHT IT WAS A GOOD TIME TO EMPTY IT. IT WASN'T A LONG REACH TO GET AT THAT PLUG. DICK GOT HOLD OF IT AND PULLED IT OUT EASILY. THEN HE BECAME ABSENT-MINDED AND PUT IT IN HIS POCKET. NEXT HE SHOVED OFF AND ROWED UP STREAM. MEANWHILE WING AND WASH KEPT RIGHT ON FISHING. THEY HAD NO IDEA WHAT HAD HAPPENED. IT WOULD NOT BE SO VERY LONG BEFORE THEY WOULD KNOW, HOWEVER.

One evening Miss Whacker was down in the kitchen.

She had some instructions to give to that Chinaman.

He was the cook and thought he could run everything.

Aurora thought otherwise.

She meant to have something to say about things.

When she sailed into the culinary department, the boss thereof was kneading bread at a table.

He was pounding and hammering and knocking the life out of it generally.

Wash was up-stairs in the dining-room.

The house was two stories in front and three in the rear.

That made the kitchen lower than the dining-room.

There was a dumb waiter connecting the two departments.

"Wing," said Miss Whacker, as she came in, "we want cakes for breakfast."

"Yep, me spect so."

"And you don't want to give the boys too many eggs."

"Yep, me spect so, Missee Lolee, allee same you gottee keep eggs fleshee."

"The idea," snorted the old maid. "They can't have so many, I tell you."

"Yep, me spect so. Dem eggee get stale, no gooddee, lilly boy no likee hap."

"The idea," and the old maid's nose went up. "Let 'em get stale then and make 'em into omelettes."

"Yep," and Wing went on knocking the tar out of that lump of dough.

"What do you mean by that?" snarled Miss Whacker.

"Yep, me spect so."

He didn't turn around, but went right on belting that dough.

Now Wash was up stairs in the dining-room, setting the tables and getting things to rights.

The boys were supposed to be in the general school room, studying or reading.

Most of them were.

Dick Sharp was not.

Neither was Bob Smart.

Hall Wright was with the other two.

They had all three quietly sneaked out when everybody was busy.

Dick had given the other two the wink as he went out.

They followed without unnecessary delay.

Dick met them in the long hall and said: "What do you say to going out for a spin on our wheels?"

Bob and Wright had safeties as well as Dick.

The three had already taken several spins together.

"I'll go you," said both of them.

"Come on, then," said Dick.

He led the way toward the rear door where the safeties were kept.

On the way thither he looked in at the dining-room door.

He saw Wash putting some things on the dumb waiter.

"Shl here's a great snap, fellows," he whispered.

In a jiffy he had communicated his idea to the others.

Then all three stole in on tip-toe.

Wash was humming some plantation

At that moment down came the dumb-waiter with Wash on it.

Bump!

Crash!

Biff!

Open flew the door and out shot Wash.

He bounced across the room and struck the old maid behind her back.

She fell against Wing and sent him flying.

The Chinaman was just going to take another round out of that mess of unmade bread.

He had just grabbed it in both hands.

Away he went, but he held on to the dough.

That is, he did so for a few seconds.

Then he let go of it.

He sat down in a pail of water and let the dough drop.

Miss Whacker got it in the neck.

Then she sat down also.

"The idea!"

"Wow! dat's wha' I sayed."

"Yep, me spect so."

Things were pretty much mixed for a short time.

Then the old maid began jawing Wash at the rate of ten miles a minute.

"I didn't know yo' was dere, missis," he said. "Dat ting jus' go down all of a sudden like."

"The idea!"

"Dat's wha' I sayed. I couldn't tol' yo' no mo' how I come to be in dat ting dan nuffin'—"

"The idea! Don't talk to me! You're a fool—you're both fools!"

"Yep, me spect so," said Wing, picking

It could be filled again at a convenient season.

Having refreshed themselves, the two bosses resumed fishing.

For a long time their patience went unrewarded.

By that time they had both fallen asleep.

Their heads rested on their breasts, their hands mechanically grasping the rods.

The lines hung limp in the water, and nothing seemed to want them.

The heat of the day, the quiet and the whisky, all conspired to make Wing and Wash go to sleep.

They slumbered on undisturbed for several minutes.

Then there came a change.

Two big fishes came nosing along.

There were fish in that river, but it required patience to take them.

These two fellows made a simultaneous grab at the two baits.

Then they started off lickety split in a great hurry.

Wash suddenly awoke.

He felt himself going, and made a grab at something.

Wing had a similar experience.

He grabbed Wash.

At the same time Wash seized him.

Wing had Wash by the neck.

Wash seized Wing's pigtail.

Then both tumbled.

Not off the limb, however.

Wing fell backward.

Wash went the other way.

Each got his legs caught in the others.

Then Wash had hold of Wing's queue.

"Cussee, blazee, quittee dat foolce."

"Whoa dere, dat's wha' I sayed!"

There was some wild scrabbling for a few moments.

There was grabbing at the air and kicking the sky, and as many revolutions as in a Central American Republic.

"Cussee, blazee, hi-ya, chop-chop, sing-sing, bing-bang-psst-gowolla!"

That was pure Chinese.

It meant: "Let go, you pigeon-toed coon, or I'll break your face."

The limb swayed under the wild gyrations of the two fishermen.

Wash clawed Wing and Wing smote Wash.

They kicked, and scratched and clawed.

It wasn't because they were angry at one another.

Each was simply trying to make the other help him up.

The result of the whole business was that both finally fell off the limb to the ground.

They did not lack much of going into the water either.

Both were very much disgusted with their experience so far.

"Ah reckon it ain't bery nice to set up in a tree anyhow," sputtered Wash. "De fishes c'n see yo' an' dat ain't no fun."

"Yep, me spect so," chirped Wing. "Me no gottee use fo' tlee, me stay on le ground. Catch more fishee."

"Dat's wha' I sayed!" grunted Wash.

"Hi-hi, me gottee fish, spect!" cried Wing, suddenly.

Then he yanked vigorously and viciously upon his pole.

He had hung on to it through all the trouble.

He had got a fish sure enough.

Then Wash got it.

Alongside the head.

Out of the water flew that fish.

Wing did not waste any science on him.

Out he came.

And took Wash on the jaw.

"Wow! Wha' yo' doin' on?"

"You no likee fishee, hap?"

"Dat's wha' I sayed. Don't you got any mo' sense dan ter hit me 'longside de haid wif um?"

"Yep, me spect so," warbled Wing, taking the fish off the hook.

Wash had lost his and came pretty near losing his pole and line also.

"I don't lak dish yer place fo' a cent," he grunted. "Say, s'pose we go some'eres else."

"You no likee?"

"Dat's wha' I sayed. H'm! I know where we go nex'. It's a bully place an' dey's a boat. You'd rudder go in a boat, wouldn't yo', dan stay on sho'?"

"Yep, me spect so," assented Wing.

Further down stream they found a flat-boat fastened to a post on the bank.

It belonged to a farmer living thereabouts.

The ownership really made no difference all the same.

Wash didn't care a rap who owned it.

He wanted to use it and he took it.

It would have been the same if the president owned it.

It was just an ordinary flat box of a boat with a little deck at each end and a seat in the middle.

Wash untied it, got in, stowed away Wing and the fishing tackle and rowed out into the stream.

The scow had an anchor and this was let down.

It was only a big stone with a rope around it, but it did.

Having anchored the boat the two worthies proceeded to fish.

Both wanted to occupy the seat in the middle.

It finally ended in neither doing so.

Wing stood on one end and Wash on the other.

That gave them both room enough, and left no room for quarreling.

The fish that each caught were to be thrown into the bottom of the boat.

It wasn't long before each caught one.

That made things more harmonious.

"Hi-ya, me bossee fisheeman," said Wing; "me cathee heap plenty fish fo' suppee."

"Ah reckon yo' won't catch no mo'n I do, yo' headen."

"Yep, me spect so. Washy pretty good fellee."

"Dat's what I sayed. Wow! dere's a big one."

"Yep, me spect so. Hi-hi, Wingy got anodee one. Me gottee no fly, me savvy cathee fish."

"Dat's wha' I sayed," snorted Wash, as the two fish went flapping and jumping in the bottom of the boat.

The fish were beginning to bite first rate now.

That kept the two chromos occupied.

There was an interested witness to the sport about that time.

This was Dick.

He had been cruising around the river in his boat.

Now he came along without any unnecessary noise.

Wing and Wash had their backs to him.

They did not see him.

They were too much interested to hear him.

Besides that, they made too much noise themselves.

They chattered and laughed and made a great racket.

It did not seem to make any difference to the fish.

They were biting right along.

Every minute or two one or the other would throw one into the scow.

Sometimes two would go in at the same time.

Dick, in his light boat, came gliding along back of the scow.

Neither Wing nor Wash saw or heard him.

Presently he let himself float gently down stream.

Then he took in one of his oars easily.

"Hi, ya, Washee, me get plenty fish! Me cookee fo' suppee!"

"H'm! Reckon I get some, too! Yo' didn't catch 'em all!"

"Yep, me spect so. You cathee one, two, hap."

"Dat's wha' I sayed."

Just then both were busily engaged in landing a fish.

They had not time to see what was going on.

Dick, in his light row-boat, was right alongside.

It would have been the same to them if he were a mile away.

With one hand on the gunwale to steady the thing, Dick leaned over.

There was a plug in the bottom of the scow.

It frequently got full of rain water.

The easiest way to empty the same was to draw the boat up on the bank and pull out the plug.

There was a little water in the bottom now.

Dick evidently thought it was a good time to empty it.

It wasn't a long reach to get at that plug.

Dick got hold of it and pulled it out easily.

Then he became absent-minded and put it in his pocket.

Next, he quietly shoved off and rowed up stream.

Meanwhile, Wing and Wash kept right on fishing.

They had no idea what had happened.

It would not be so very long before they would know, however.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HAPPY DAYS WILL DO EVERYTHING IT CAN TO MAKE ITS READERS HAPPY.

CABLE'S GREAT SCHEME.

By "ED."

For a long time I have lost sight of the one, only and genuine Cable.

Vague rumors reach me that he was on exhibition in a Bowery Museum.

Judge of my surprise, the other morning, when walking down Broadway I beheld a familiar figure.

In one sense the figure was familiar, and in another it was not.

Cable generally is not noted for his taste in dress.

But the Cable I saw before me was a regular dude.

He had on a six dollar high hat.

Likewise an expensive pea-jacket.

Ditto a pair of the lightest and tightest fawn-colored tight pants.

Also did he sport patent-leather shoes.

Mind you, Cable wearing patent-leather shoes, when many is the time I have seen him limping about with an over-shoe on one foot, and the other done up in a bundle of old rags.

"Hello, Cable," said I, "you must have struck it rich."

Seeing that I was dressed up, Cable deigned to acknowledge my presence.

"How are you, 'Ed'?" he said in somewhat dignified accents. "How are you getting along?"

I said pretty well, considering that I was sick most of the time, and I continued:

"How are you making out?"

Cable grew confidential.

"To tell the truth, 'Ed,' I'm getting along splendid."

"How is that?" I asked.

"I have struck a soft snap."

"Well, to tell the truth, you look like it."

What is it, anyhow?"

Seated at a table at a near-by restaurant, Cable grew confidential.

He ordered the cigars and cider, and then proceeded to unbosom himself.

"You used to call me a fool, 'Ed,' didn't you?" he asked.

"Yes," I owned.

"Said that my head was stuffed with sawdust instead of brains."

"Maybe I did; but it was only a joke."

"I guess I have got as big a head-piece on me as any one. Do you know what I am doing for a living now?"

"Gambling?"

"No."

"What then?"

"Jumping off the Brooklyn Bridge."

I looked incredulous.

"Cable," requested I, "what are you giving me? Jumping off the Brooklyn Bridge?" I repeated.

Cable nodded.

Affirmatively.

"It is the biggest scheme out," he said, "and it can't be beat. Don't give it away, and I'll tell you how I work it."

Of course I was all curiosity, and I began to feel a sort of respect for Cable. A man who would talk so lightly of making that fearful plunge down into the icy waters of the East River must be a hero.

Cable snickered.

"Not much," he said.

"Then how did you work the affair?"

"Easy enough."

"But how?"

"Do you know Denny Burns?"

"I do not."

"Well, he is a copper on the bridge, and I always let him know when I am going to make any snide jump, because, you know, I don't jump at all. I just get up on the railing and make motions as if I was about to hurl myself into the river below. He is on the alert, because I whack up with him. You bet he grabs me in a minute. Then he sends me home in an ambulance and gives it out to all the newspaper reporters that I am a consumptive with a widowed mother, and the case gets promptly reported in all the papers—the reporters all give me an elegant send-off, and state that I have been driven to my rash act on account of my widowed mother."

"But, Cable," I interrupted, "you haven't got any widowed mother. She is married again and doing quite well."

Cable grinned.

"That's all right," he said. "I guess I know what I am doing. The reporters don't know the difference, and when I get rescued I am driven right away to my rooms over in Tenth avenue. I have hired an old washerwoman who is drunk most of the time, and if she can't put on the widow mother business to perfection I don't know who can. Of course the people read the papers, and they come to call upon me, not on foot, mind you, but in their carriages."

"They will come in and my mother will tell them the awfulest lots of ghost stories you ever heard of. Sometimes I tremble for fear that she will give herself away."

"Don't she?" asked I.

"Not much," warmly praised Cable, as he ordered a fresh cigar and another glass of cider. "She always keeps her head. She praises me up to the highest notch, and tells why she weeps like Niagara Falls, what a good son I have been to her, and how she will miss my support."

"That is a sort of an accomplice to have," I said.

"You bet," warmly said Cable. "Why, the people come after reading the papers about my sad case, and generally they shell out money. You ought to see us when a fellow with a diamond stud or a lady with a sealskin sack comes in; you would not think I was good for five more hours of life. Then there are other people who give us a little money, and then an order on a grocery store for provisions, because, remember, I am starving."

Cable, the rascal, actually chuckled.

"You wouldn't believe it, 'Ed,'" said he,

"but I have got enough provisions to last me, I guess, for a year."

"But what do you do with them?"

"Sell them, of course, right back to the man from whom I get them, and I make a reduction on account of his paying me cash. I tell you what, it is a great scheme, and now I guess I have got money enough to carry me through for a month, or even two months, till people forget all about me and then, of course, I will have to try the racket over again. Won't you go the theater some night this week?"

I said "no."

"Really I could not afford it."

The last theater I went to I only got in by acting as "supe" and carrying a banner in some Shakespearian play.

"Oh, that will be all right," loftily said Cable; "I will pay your way, of course."

Then he arose.

"You must excuse me," he said, "but really I have an engagement to look at a couple of trotters this afternoon which I think I can get dirt cheap."

I did excuse him.

With envy.

Oh, that I only had the gall that some people have.

TRY YOUR HAND AT MAKING A FUNNY FACE. SEE CIRCLE ON PAGE 2.

Answers to Correspondents.

To Correspondents.

Do not ask questions on the same sheet of paper with mail orders, as they will not be answered. Correspondents in sending number of questions, will aid us greatly by writing on one side of the paper only. If this is not done, questions will have to be rewritten by those who send them. As considerable trouble has been caused by those who fail to mention the paper in which they wish their answers to appear, NOTICE is now given that hereafter no letters will be answered unless addressed "EDITOR OF HAPPY DAYS, 34 and 38 North Moore St., N. Y. Box 2730."

E. A. MASON.—We do not publish such a book. Inquire at some theatrical agency in your city.

W. J. FRECKLETON.—We thank you for your kind wishes, and will endeavor to make this paper more attractive than ever.

J. CONNELL.—There is no premium on a dime of 1827. You only gave the date of the Portuguese coin; send rubbing and we will name its value.

HICKLE.—He has another name, but we cannot reveal it in this column. 2 There is no premium on a dime of 1835. You can find the value of rare United States coins in "How to Collect Stamps and Coins." Price 10 cents. For sale by your newsdealer, or we will send it to you by mail upon receipt of the price.

L. P. AND W. G.—You can find the value of many of the rarest of United States stamps in "How to Collect Stamps and Coins." Price 10 cents. You can buy it of your newsdealer, or we will send it to you upon receipt of the price. 2 We cannot answer you, as you failed to describe the stamp; there are eight different kinds of 3-cent stamps issued by Canada. 3 You can find the language of postage stamps in answer to "Shiner" in this column. 4 Send with stamp.

HUNGRY JOE.—We will announce all new stories from one to two weeks in advance of publication. 2 The author you mention does not write for this paper at present. 3 Jesse James was shot April 3, 1882, and Bob Ford June 8, 1882. 4 "3,000 Years Old" and "The Torch of Tipperary" have never been published in book-form. 5 You can find a complete list of the stories of Old King Brady and the James Boys in the DETECTIVE LIBRARY. Price 10 cents. Send your name and address for our new catalogue.

THOS. THURTE.—Your question required considerable research, and we have not yet gained the information you desire. As far as we have been able to find out from the present owners, the tower was erected about one hundred years ago, and the bricks used were imported from Holland; they are 5x10x21-2, and old as the tower is, the walls are as solid as rock. We have been unable to find out, as yet, the year in which it was built, or who it was built by. If we succeed in doing so we will publish it for your benefit.

B. OF N. Y. READER.—The following is the best way to keep your feet from smelling: Wash them every day in water into which you have dissolved a little borax, change your stockings every day, and have two or three pairs of shoes so you can wear a different pair every day. This will give them a chance to dry thoroughly. Cleanliness should be observed at all times; the dampness from sweaty feet is absorbed by the leather and takes at least twenty-four hours to dry out in ordinary weather; in damp and rainy weather it takes much longer.

A READER OF B. OF N. Y.—The power to hypnotize a person cannot be learned unless you have the necessary magnetic influence, in that case it can be developed. 2 We do not think it would be advisable for us to give you any information regarding drugs that stupefy and poison, as they are very dangerous and should never be used in any manner except by an experienced physician. 2 If you desire to ship before the mast on a sailing vessel going around Cape Horn, make inquiry at any seaman's shipping office in your city and they will inform you what is necessary for you to have in your "kit," and will no doubt advance money and furnish the outfit, which will be charged against your pay at the end of the voyage. The life is hard and the labor arduous—we would advise you not to try it.

(Several letters remain over to be answered next week.)

Jack Wright and Frank Reade, Jr., the Two Young Inventors.

(Continued from page 8.)

"Wot's wanted now?" growled Tim easily. "Vhy, yer olt fool, if dot kid shumped down to der deck, vhy vashn't he killed?" "Didn't I hev a rope tied aroun' him?" "Yah, but you shtood on der deck mit der udder end of it."

"Oh, gosh!" gasped Tim, wilting and stealing away, for he now saw that Fritz had trapped him in one of the worst lies he had ever told.

Tim had got to be such an inveterate yarner, though, that he actually believed all the nonsense he invented and did not have perception enough to notice the most glaring errors he made.

It was these mistakes that always let people see how he was fabricating, and in this instance he smarted with chagrin over a roar of sarcastic laughter Fritz let out at him and bolted out of the room.

Up in the turret Jack had been steering the Sea Serpent with all the skill and care he was capable of, as she continued to rush ahead through the submarine tunnel into which she had plunged.

The current carried the boat along with it at an appalling rate of speed, although the driving screw had been stopped.

The tunnel walls had been worn as smooth as glass by the continual flow of the water for ages, and although the passage was wide enough to let the Sea Serpent go through, it became dangerously contracted in places.

Jack's hopes rose as they continued on several miles in safety, but suddenly the search-light showed an abrupt bend ahead, around which it was impossible for the boat to go, on account of her length.

He reversed the screw, but the bow hit the dead wall of rock ahead a pretty severe blow, and the diving-boat paused.

"Now we are in a scrape!" exclaimed Forrest, in alarm. "We can't get around this bend and we can't retreat. Have we got to remain here until the air is exhausted and we perish?"

"If I can blast away that corner of the rock around which the current flows, we may be able to go ahead," replied Jack. "At all events, I am going to try the experiment. There is no other salvation for us."

He went below, put on a diving-suit, procured some blasting cartridges, wire and a battery, and left the boat by the stern exit chamber.

The fierce current almost swept him off his feet.

But he reached the rock, and finding several crevices, he thrust the cartridges in, connected them by the wires with his battery, and exploded them.

The rocky wall was broken down, and the current swept the boat around it so suddenly that Jack was left behind.

Along sped the Sea Serpent, and in a few minutes it disappeared, a feeling of intense alarm taking possession of Jack, for he knew she could not return after him.

He therefore followed her on foot.

Several times the current flung him down, and rolled him along, but he got upon his feet again, and hurried after the boat.

Within half an hour Jack suddenly stepped from the tunnel into a deep ravine, into the base of which the current gushed.

There he saw the boat, and quickly got aboard.

Once free of his diving suit, he went up to the turret, and after some conversation with his crew, he raised the Sea Serpent.

She finally reached the upper ground, in a depth of 250 feet, and sped on her way, every one rejoicing over her lucky escape.

Late in the afternoon two days later the Sea Serpent rose to the surface to take on a fresh supply of air, and Jack found the sea smooth and the sun declining on the horizon like a ball of fire.

Far ahead there was a faint dark streak of land at which he leveled his spy glass, and after a brief scrutiny he said to Fritz:

"That's the coast of Portugal."

"How you know me dot?"

"I see the Rock of Gibraltar."

"By der entrance to dot Mediterranean Sea?"

"Yes; there's another fact which convinces me I'm right."

"Vot dot vos alretty?"

"The strong current here on the surface setting in toward it."

"Dot vos so vunct. I notitz it mein-selluf."

"Beneath the surface there is another current running toward us."

"Donner vetter! Two currents runnin' by obssite directions, vun on dop ohf de oder?" asked Fritz.

"Exactly. This is a well known peculiarity about the entrance to the Mediterranean Sea. Head her for the opening."

Fritz complied, and Jack turned his glass upon a man-of-war steaming along the coast to the southward.

He saw by the flag that it was a Portuguese frigate, and was about to turn to

Fritz and tell him when a hand touched his arm.

Startled, he uttered a smothered ejaculation, and turned around.

Behind him stood the bland Mr. Forrest with a smile on his dark face.

"Thunder! How you startled me. Forrest, you tread like a cat."

"Beg pardon," politely replied the other. "It's my way, you know. I was sent up by Tim to say that the storage batteries are getting exhausted and need recharging. They won't last half an hour."

"I'll turn the current into them from here," replied Jack.

"If they ain't charged you wouldn't go under water, would you?"

"No, for we wouldn't have any power then to work the pump so it could empty the ballast from the boat so we could rise to the top again."

"I see. You use the engine and dynamo on the surface. Now if either of them should break down, you could neither go ahead, descend, or do anything else, could you?" asked Forrest, insinuatingly.

"We would be helpless," replied Jack, "if the storage batteries were not charged. Here we would have to remain until repairs were made."

"But supposing no repairs could be made—what then?"

"I presume we would have to wait for some passing ship to give us a tow to port, so we could put the boat in order."

"What dreadful risks we are exposed to!" said Forrest. "I don't see how you know in which direction to steer, when under the sea."

"I steer by this compass," replied Jack. "It is a patent of my own, and works as well under the sea as it does on the surface."

"Remarkable!" said Forrest in tones of surprise.

"Dere vos a man ohf var bearin' down on us," interposed Fritz.

"Yes, I see her. As this looks like a torpedo boat, she may try to stop us. Delays are dangerous. We must not pause for anything if we wish to beat Frank Reade, Jr., around the globe."

Forrest glanced at the ship, and went below.

"If I can only throw the machinery out of gear now," flashed through his mind, "the boat may be delayed, and Wright may lose the race!"

Filled with this idea, he entered the engine room, and telling Tim what Jack said, the old sailor went up into the cabin.

No sooner was Forrest alone, when he seized a wrench with an insulated handle, and approaching the dynamo, he unscrewed the nuts that held the armature-shaft yoke, and flung them out a window.

If the machine was run the yoke would drop, and the armature would fall between the field magnets, unable to revolve and generate electricity.

Thus deprived of power for the motor, the boat would stop.

The rascal then hastened out of the engine-room.

Jack had seen the gun-boat coming for him, and not wishing to suffer any delay, he said to Fritz:

"Run her at full speed. We must escape that fellow."

"But ve vos got der batteries on, und dey near vos ausgespielt."

"Use then up. We will then hook on the dynamos. We have no time to make the change now. Hurry up, Fritz!"

The Dutchman drew over the lever, and the boat's speed increased.

As the Sea Serpent rushed ahead, with added speed, the big Portuguese warship came flying on in pursuit, her crew mistaking our friend's effort to run away as an evidence of guilt for something.

A gun was discharged as a mandate to haul to.

Jack paid no heed to it although legally bound to do so.

Then a ball was shot athwart the Sea Serpent's bows, but still the young inventor ignored the stern order.

It left him liable to be shot now, but he kept his boat flying.

Along she raced furiously, the gunboat chasing her with increasing speed, and a third shot was fired, the ball this time being aimed to hit the Sea Serpent.

The swell of the sea caused the gunner to miss, so that the shot flew over the fugitive submarine diver.

"A narrow escape," laughed Jack, recklessly. "But in a long run we can show them a clean pair of heels."

"Ve vos go slower. Der badderries vos blayed out," said Fritz gravely.

"I'll connect with the dynamo then."

Boom! roared another gun on the frigate, and the ball dashed up the water beside the Sea Serpent and sunk in the ocean.

Jack started the dynamo, but it had scarcely got going when the yoke fell off and the armature shaft dropped.

Down dashed Tim to see what was the matter.

His report filled Jack and Fritz with dismay.

The Sea Serpent could go no further

now, and laid idly rocking on the waves until the gunboat dashed up to her.

"Surrender and show your papers!" shouted the Portuguese captain in English.

"You had no right to fire at us! We are respectable people!" cried Jack, who was furious over the impending delay.

"And, by heavens, you'll rue stopping us!" yelled Forrest, pretending to be very angry.

And aiming a revolver out the window at the Portuguese officer, he pulled the trigger and fired a shot.

"Oh, Lord!" cried Jack in alarm. "Now you've made matters worse, Forrest!"

The shot created a wild uproar on the frigate's deck.

CHAPTER VII.

RUN DOWN IN THE FOG.

"FIRE, Pomp, or thim red devils will murder Masther Frank."

"Oh, golly, dey am gwine ter drike dar mustangs on him an' trample him to deff!" roared the coon, as he dashed out on the deck of the Storm King, with the weapons.

Frank had sent him to get a few moments previously.

They had seen the rope to which the inventor clung become detached from the flying machine, and as Frank fell in front of the horde of Indians who were pursuing the girl, Barney stopped the air-ship as quickly as he could.

Bang! bang! Bang! bang! rattled the brace of revolvers held by the dead-shot ducky just as the mustangs went up on their haunches all around the prostrate young inventor, and the Indians aimed their weapons at him.

The shots came just in time to save Frank's life.

Four of the warriors yelled with agony and toppled from their saddles, while the rest, intensely startled by the unexpected shots, paused, saw the air-ship fifty feet above, and terrified at the sight, scattered and fled.

The young inventor bounded to his feet. He had fallen so short a distance that he was not injured.

Benjamin Dobbs slunk back with a baffled look on his face.

"Foiled!" he muttered, in chagrined tones. "The nigger has driven the Indians off. It did no good to unknot the line Reade clung to, and let him fall! Now his friends will pick him up. I must pretend great alarm."

Just then Barney yelled from the turret:

"Fill them full av holes, naygur! Give ther corner a job!"

Bang, bang, bang, bang! went Pomp's revolvers again.

Four of the plumed braves were wounded, and the shots sent the yelling savages speeding along faster to escape.

They were superstitious about the air-ship, as they had no idea what it was, and made their ponies go like the wind.

Frank glanced around, and saw that the fine bay horse ridden by the young girl had stumbled at the foot of the hill, threw the fugitive and fell beside her, with its leg broken.

The young inventor hastened up to her, and found that she was stunned by the shock of striking her head on the ground.

Down came the air-ship just then, and as it landed, Frank lifted the senseless girl and carried her aboard.

While they were reviving her, Frank exclaimed:

"That was the most unexpected fall I ever had."

"You can scarcely imagine how startled I was to see that knot become unloosened, and see the rope go!" said Dobbs, with a look of painful anxiety upon his thin, clean-shaven face, as he ran his fingers through his gray hair and gazed at the flying Indians.

"I presume that I tied it carelessly in my haste," said Frank.

"Very likely," assented the speculator, and that ended the subject.

The girl was a beautiful creature, clad in a pretty dress and hat.

She quickly recovered, pale and trembling, and glaring around with distended eyes, she gasped in faint tones:

"Safe! safe! Oh, I was so afraid the Indians had me."

"We have driven them off, miss," replied Frank, soothingly.

"Mercy! how glad I am for that. And Corporal Arthur Grey?"

"Dead. They speared him!"

"Oh, yes, now I remember," she said, with a shudder, and covering her eyes with her pretty white hands, she burst into tears.

Our friends waited until she had mastered her emotion, then Frank turned to Barney and Pomp, and said in low tones:

"Go up the hill, and bring the body aboard, covered with a blanket."

The Irishman and the darky obeyed. Glancing around curiously at the boat, the girl asked presently:

"What is this contrivance, sir?"

"An air-ship. I am Frank Reade, Jr., the inventor. And your name?"

"My name is Laura Bush. I am the daughter of the chaplain of Fort Grant, a league west of here. Corporal Grey and I were engaged to be married. We were out for a ride, when that band of Indians chased us. They must have gone on the war-path. I am very grateful to you for saving me, sir."

"It pleased me to baffle those red demons," earnestly replied Frank, "and as my friends are now bringing Mr. Grey's body aboard, we will carry you back to the fort in safety."

Barney and Pomp now drew near, and Frank conducted Laura Bush into the turret to spare her the view of the remains.

As soon as the ghastly burden was aboard, the young inventor raised the Storm King fifty feet in the air, and sent her flying toward the fort, very much to the young lady's surprise.

There they left her and the gallant young officer who had made such an effort to defend her life, and sped away again.

On the following morning they reached California, and saw spread out before them the vast expanse of the Pacific Ocean.

"We've crossed the continent!" cried Frank, jubilantly, as the Storm King shot out over the ocean. "Now, to head for China!"

"Faix," said Barney, who was in the turret with him, "wid all ther delays we wor ather havin' we may bate Jack Wright yet. Begorra it's accidints must have happened him, too, ter my way av thinkin'."

"No doubt of it," replied Frank. "The worst of our present position is that we will meet a head wind all the way around the earth at a certain height. It is the great Solar current which flows continuously from the west to the east."

"Kape out av it, thin," advised Barney. "Shure, an' it's backwards loike a crab we don't want ter go, at all, at all."

"That's a fact, Barney. Go down and oil the machinery. I want it to do its best now, for a hard run over the Pacific."

"Be heavens, I'll dhinch it wid ile!" chuckled the Irishman.

He went down into the cabin.

There he saw Pomp, in white overalls, standing on a ladder that leaned against the wall, with a pail of kalsomine hanging from the top rung by a hook.

The little coon was whistling a plantation melody, and working his brush on the ceiling to hide the scorched places.

As soon as the fun-loving Irishman saw him, he imagined it would be a capital joke to pull out the lower part of the ladder and cause it to drop the coon to the floor.

He, therefore, waltzed over to the darky and cried in happy tones:

"Say, me aould gorilla, what d'yer think?"

"Specs I fink a great deal, chile," grinned Pomp.

"Faix, I have me doubts av that," dryly said Barney, getting between the ladder and the wall it leaned against. "Shure, an' it's clane over Ameriky we've flew wid ther agility av a sparrer, an' now, bedad, it's over ther Pacific Ocean we are, an' goin' loike ther devil!"

"Fo' de Lawd's sake!"

"Yis," continued Barney as he eyed the bottom of the ladder and got ready to make a dash at it. "Begorra, we'll bate Wright afore he gits started, d'yer moind, an' that too wid our eyes shut."

"Praise de Lawd fo' dat!"

"It's a dacent job yer shlappin' up there. Faith, a naygur takes ter ther kalsomine as natherally as a dook ter ther wather."

"Golly, Dat am a fack!"

"Twisht yer eyes forminst ther sailin', me buck. Do yez observe ther shpot left unpainted? Beheavens, it's a pair av lamps yez made entoirly."

"Whar am it?"

"Over yer cocoanut."

Pomp cast his optics above.

The moment he did so Barney rushed at the ladder.

His head went through the first opening, his shoulders hit the side pieces with a bang, the bottom of the ladder flew outward and a wild yell escaped Pomp as he felt himself falling.

Up in the air splashed the kalsomine all over the coon, covering him whiter than the whitest white man, it plugged up his eyes, nose, mouth and ears, shampooed his wool, and ran down his clothes.

"Wow!" he howled.

Then bang went the ladder, and as Barney couldn't get out from under it, he was knocked flat on the floor, the ladder on top of him and the coon on top of the ladder.

It almost squeezed the breath out of him.

"Murder—foire—police!" he yelled.

He had been caught in his own trap.

For a few minutes the air was rent by a forcible collection of expletives in mixed dialect, and when the two jokers extricated themselves from the wreck, the coon couldn't see or smell, and the Irishman felt as if a brick house had fallen upon him.

"Whar's de amberlence?" roared Pomp, prancing around as mad as a hornet, while he tried to dig the fine kalsomining he got out of his eyes. "Ise a dead niggah! 'Deed I is; 'clar ter glory I is! Barney, yo' ole white trash, yo' doed dat a puppose, gosh blame yo' hide!"

"Bring me an ax!" groaned Barney, as he leaned over and rubbed his aching back. "Be ther powers, I'll poolverize yez fer pluggin' me in ther kidneys wid yez corporation. I'm a cripple fer loife, but begob, I'll bate a lung out av yez fer puttin' this twist in me back!"

The entrance of Frank at this moment, to see what caused the unearthly noise prevented a pitched battle, for Barney had just made a dive for the coon, to wipe up the floor with him.

"Hey! Break away there!" shouted the young inventor, dashing between them. "Barney, go and do what I told you!"

"Be heavens, I'm goin' ter ait ther nagur!"

"Get out of here—quick!"

"Yis! Yis!" roared the Irishman, and off he rushed.

"Pomp, go and wash your head, then clean up this mess."

"Peahs ter me dat as Barney doed it, he oughter clean—"

"Do as I tell you, sir! Who is captain here—you or I?"

"Yassah! Yo', Massa Frank. Oh, Lawdy, Lawd! Wait'll I catch dat pug-nose ole 'possum! Dar am gwine to be a fight, fo' shuah!"

Seeing that hostilities had ceased, Frank returned to the turret, where he had left Benjamin Dobbs steering.

When night fell upon the earth, they were many leagues from land hovering over the ocean.

The watch was changed, and Pomp and Dobbs went on duty while Frank and Barney turned in.

The air-ship was then gliding along at a height of 550 feet above the sea, and the sky was obscured by fast flying clouds.

Below, the ocean was covered for miles by a dense fog bank which hid the water from view.

Dobbs was becoming restless, for despite all he had done thus far to delay the Storm King, the young inventor had managed to keep her racing ahead, making up for lost time by speeding.

It was more than a contest of brains against brains between Jack Wright and Frank Reade, Jr., it was a battle of brains against brains between the two young inventors and their enemies as well.

Yet Dobbs concluded that even though he only delayed the Storm King a little every day, in the end it would amount to enough to make Reade lose the race, so he could win his private bet with Forrest.

As this idea suggested itself to his mind he resolved to stop the air-ship again, by dropping her gradually into the sea.

"I may only gain an hour," he thought. "Still every minute will count."

He held the wheel and Pomp laid off lazily on a couch, smoking a pipe and debating in his mind which would win the race.

As the coon could not observe Dobbs' actions from where he laid, the villain quietly pressed one of the keys, causing the screws and helices to revolve slower, and gradually let the machine down toward the sea.

She continued to descend until she finally fell into the fog.

It was so thick that Dobbs could not see ten yards ahead of the bow.

She kept flying ahead all the while she was descending.

Attracted by the dimming of the light, Pomp got up.

"Wha' dat, Dobbs?" he asked. "Done flew inter a cloud?"

"No. The fog on the sea seems to be rising," replied the villain.

"So it am! Uml Doan' de roll ob de waves soun' cl'ar?"

"Yes—I hear them splashing plainly. But sounds rise to great heights."

"Hullo! What's dat ahead dar?"

Startled, Dobbs peered out the window.

He saw a spectral object at which the Storm King was plunging.

It was a full rigged ship on the seal.

With a cry of alarm at the threatening danger Dobbs spun the wheel around to avoid colliding with the vessel.

But he did not act quick enough.

The air-ship dashed ahead with fearful velocity, and the next moment her bowsprit crashed into the ship's rigging.

A wild chorus of shouts rose from the crew of the vessel, and with a sudden wrench the Storm King was capsized amid the broken spars and torn sails.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE POSTAGE STAMPS WE GIVE YOU ARE ALL REAL, GENUINE, FOREIGN STAMPS, AND WORTH PUTTING IN ANY STAMP ALBUM.

The Captain's Snuff-box.

A STORY OF TWO BOYS' ADVENTURES IN SOUTH AMERICA.

BY JAS. D. MONTAGUE.

PAUL FANWOOD and Dick Paulding were close friends and inseparable companions.

Dick was the son of a sea captain in the South American trade, and had made many voyages with his father.

Paul was the son of the chief owner of the Orinoco, Captain Paulding's vessel, and went with Dick as often as was permissible.

"If I am to be in the shipping business, I must know about ships," said Paul. "I may want to be a captain myself some day and there's no better way to do that than to know all about a ship."

Paul had already been on two different voyages with Dick and it was upon his requesting to go upon a third that his father raised objections.

He went, however, sailing from New York and being bound to various Venezuelan ports, ending with a journey up the Orinoco river as far as Ciudad Bolivar on a trading voyage in the interior.

Paul was nearly as good a sailor as Dick himself, and in everything the boys were good natured rivals, each striving to keep just ahead of the other in all they undertook.

Captain Paulding was glad to have Paul with him, for Dick was disposed to be mischievous or rather thoughtless, and his chum always had a restraining influence upon him.

Dick, on the other hand, was apt at imparting the knowledge he possessed to his friend, and in this manner they were both useful to each other.

They sailed at last up the mighty river, stopping at this town and that, and Paul was more and more charmed as they proceeded.

"There's nothing like being right in a place to find out about it," said Dick, "and I'm glad you came this trip, for it's likely you'll have to stick closer to business when you get back."

"Yes, but we'll see each other every time you are in port, and perhaps the skipper will think that you ought to have a little more business knowledge and have you stay over a trip or two."

"I wouldn't mind it a bit," said Dick. "The last voyage, when you were not along, was stupid enough."

They arrived at Ciudad Bolivar at last, and expected to remain a week or more.

Paul was greatly interested in all he saw, and wished that their stay might be prolonged a month.

After staying at a wharf in the city a day or so, the Orinoco went several miles further up the river, and lay at a wharf where there was a sawmill in the midst of a forest.

Captain Paulding intended to take in a large quantity of native woods, and it was more convenient to load at the sawmill wharf than to take on the timber lower down.

All around them was the forest, and the boys were greatly amused at the antics of the many monkeys they saw.

The creatures would scamper along the limbs, jump from branch to branch, chatter and scold, and do a thousand queer things, which kept the boys laughing incessantly.

At times one or two of the agile little fellows would drop from the overhanging branches into the rigging, running up and down the shrouds, clamber up the guys, perch at the very top of the tapering masts, and perform all sorts of gymnastic feats, barely venturing below the lower cross-tees, however, and never upon deck.

"I say, Dick," said Paul, on the second day of their stay at the saw mill wharf, "you know that inlaid box I am making?"

"I should say I did," laughed Dick. "You've got all the colors of the rainbow in it now."

"No, I haven't, and I want you to help me find some different woods. You know these things better than I do."

"That's so, and there's a particular kind of mahogany, very light, and of a beautiful grain that you need."

"There, I knew it."

"It takes a magnificent polish and looks fine, but there isn't much of it, and—"

"That's just what I want for the central block on the cover. You know the tree when you see it?"

"Why, yes, to be sure, that is, I think I do."

"Well, I want some of it. We'll go to the mill, and if they haven't any of it there then we'll go into the woods. I'm bound to have some of it, at any rate."

"So you shall," said Dick, who was delighted at the prospect of a run through

the native forests. "We'll go to-day, that is, if father doesn't object."

"Why, what is there to object about? We can't get lost, can we?"

"No, I guess not, but—"

"Well, we'll ask him," and at that moment the skipper came on deck, and Paul at once brought up the subject of the proposed excursion.

"Yes, you can go, I suppose," said Captain Paulding. "It's early yet, and you won't go far, I suppose. It's an easy matter to lose yourselves in the woods. You'd better take a pocket compass along."

"Come on, then," said Paul. "We'll get ready at once."

He was so eager to secure the wood for his box, which was nearly finished, and was exceedingly handsome, that he thought nothing of the possible danger of roaming through the South American forests, but only of the pleasures of the trip.

"By the way, Dick," said the captain, as the boys were going below, "have you seen anything of my snuff box?"

"The silver one?"

"Yes. I can't find it."

"Where did you put it last?"

"It was on my table in the state-room. You haven't noticed any stranger on board?"

"No. You don't think it could have been stolen?"

"I don't know, but at any rate I can't find it."

"When did you miss it?"

"Last night."

"It may have fallen down behind the table, or you may have put it somewhere else."

"Possibly. I'll look again. I don't want to lose it, for I put an important paper in it. I don't use snuff nowadays, you know."

"No, I know you don't, but you did when Mr. Fanwood gave it to you."

"It would be too bad to lose it," said Paul. "It's solid silver."

"Yes, and the paper I put in it represents solid gold. If you find it, keep it for me."

"We will," said both boys, and then they hurried below to prepare for their expedition.

At the mill they found none of the wood of which they were in search and were really not sorry that such was the case.

Off they started, provided with stout sticks, not so much as an aid in walking as for the sake of having something in their hands.

They had been in the woods more than an hour and had paid no great attention to the direction in which they were going, when Dick suddenly said:

"Hullo, this is a wild spot, isn't it? What big trees?"

"Do you see any of the kind we want?"

"No, not yet, and really, I have not been looking, there was so much to interest us."

"Yes, but we want to be sure where we are going. We did not bring any lunch with us, and it would be no fun to get lost."

"Oh, pshaw! I know these woods too well for that. Hallo, do you see that parrot? I'm going to knock him over. I never saw such a topknot!"

Dick started ahead, flourishing his stick, making for a great tree upon a short lower branch of which could be seen the gorgeous feathers of a parrot, partly hidden by the foliage.

Dick ran on, his feet making scarcely a sound on the velvety grass, and Paul followed.

The latter suddenly made a discovery, and was about to call out to Dick to stop, but it was too late.

The stick went whizzing through the air, and the feathers suddenly disappeared.

There was a yell of rage, and in an instant two brawny Indians, one nearly naked, and the other wearing a cloak of skins, dashed out from behind the tree.

Both wore gaudy headdresses of feathers, and it was the topknot of the naked savage which had deceived Dick.

He had struck the man a resounding blow on the skull, and it was he who had uttered the howl of pain.

"Indians!" gasped Paul. "I didn't know there was—"

"Run, Paul, run for your life!" cried Dick, taking to his heels upon the instant he discovered his mistake.

Both savages started after him, and then one of them paused and raised his tomahawk.

In a moment it went whizzing through the air, straight at Dick's head.

Only for a lucky accident it would have been buried in the boy's brain.

Paul had stood his ground, waiting for Dick to come up.

The latter suddenly tripped upon a tree root or a hidden creeper and fell headlong.

The keen weapon flew over his head and was buried an inch deep in a great tree ten feet distant.

Paul ran up and stood in front of Dick, brandishing his stick.

The Indians paused, having evidently re-

covered from their anger or thinking that perhaps Paul was armed.

Up jumped Dick and went tearing through the forest, Paul in hot pursuit.

"Hold on, Dick, don't run so fast, I can't keep up with you!" he panted, when the terrible race had been kept up for ten minutes.

Dick stopped nearly exhausted, leaned against a tree and said:

"Do you know that these Venezuela Indians are a treacherous lot?"

"No, I thought they were all civilized."

"The half breeds are, but the real natives who still live in the woods are to be steered clear of. My! but what a mistake I made!"

"Yes, I saw that second fellow just as you threw your stick, I tried to warn you, but it was too late."

"Well, they may follow us yet, and we'd better get back to the river as soon as we can. Oh, dear! but I'm tired. Sailors don't get much chance to run, and a little of it goes a—Hullo!"

"What's the matter now?" cried Paul, in alarm.

"Did you take the compass, or did I?"

"You did. I saw you drop it in the outside pocket of your jacket."

"Well, I thought so, too, but it's not there now."

"Maybe you put it in your trousers' pocket for safer—"

"Maybe I did," muttered Dick, turning out all his pockets, "but I don't think—no, I'm sure I didn't. I've lost it, and now I've no more idea where we are than—"

"But you may have dropped it just now," interrupted Paul. "It may have dropped right around here somewhere. Let's look for it."

"We've got to find it, that's all there is about it," answered Dick, walking slowly away from the tree and looking carefully along the ground.

Paul did the same, stirring up the grass with his feet and keeping a sharp lookout for the missing compass.

"It's got a brass case; we ought to see it easily enough," he said.

"Certainly, but I can't tell where I lost it. I wonder I didn't hear it drop."

Neither thought of the Indians for a moment now, being so intent on recovering the lost treasure.

It was indeed a treasure to them now, for without it they might wander helplessly in the woods, getting deeper and deeper into the jungle, and fancying that they were almost out of it.

Both boys walked slowly along over the ground they had just traversed, keeping a few paces apart, and making a thorough examination of everything.

"Well, I don't see it," said Dick, at length, "and we'd better go back. We can't go all the way, and those Indians may be watching us even now."

They retraced their steps, as they thought, but Paul presently exclaimed:

"We're going wrong; this isn't the way at all. We haven't been in this part of the wood before. It's all new ground to us."

"By jinks, but I think you're right!" cried Dick. "It is new, but I say, there's a tree over yonder that we did pass. Let's start from that."

They quickly reached the tree, which was standing in a comparatively open space, when suddenly a great chattering was heard overhead.

"Monkeys," said Dick, looking up.

The sun penetrated the foliage at this point and bright patches were seen here and there upon the ground.

"Look at that scamp," said Dick, pointing to a monkey that sat upon a branch at some distance from the ground, chattering and moving this way and that.

A flash of light suddenly struck across Dick's eyes and he put up his hand.

"What's that? I do believe—why, yes, so it is!"

"What is it?" asked Paul.

Dick changed his position and said:

"Look at that fellow. Do you see what he has?"

"Why, yes, it's something bright and seems to attract his attention mightily. By Jove! it can't be—"

"That's just what it is, my compass. The fellow has picked it up, and is tickled to death over its shiny surface. Here, you rascal, fetch that down!"

Wrenching a good sized stone from the ground Dick aimed it at the monkey.

"Stop, stop, don't do—"

Paul's warning came too late.

Dick threw the stone and struck the monkey square upon the side.

He uttered a howl and then began chattering in loud querulous tones, springing higher into the tree and scolding in his peculiar fashion, at the same time uttering cries which seemed to Paul to be signals.

Almost instantaneously a score or more of monkeys came hurrying from all directions.

There were big and little monkeys, old and young, long-tailed and short, and all seemed coming to the relief of their comrade.

Several of them seeming to recognize Dick as their enemy, sprang upon the

young sailor and began to scratch and bite him in the most furious fashion.

He shook some of them off, sprang up the trunk of the tree and caught at one of the lower limbs.

He got one arm around it, when one of the monkeys seized one foot, curled his tail around the other, and pulled with a strength one would not have supposed him capable of.

A dozen or so of the monkeys rushed upon Paul and more were seen approaching. The boy retained his stick, and he now laid about him in most vigorous fashion.

He felled several of his foes, sending them reeling backwards with frantic cries, and as fast as others came on, dealt them sturdy blows with the stick which seemed to convince them that he was no mean enemy to deal with.

Many of them paused, appearing to hesitate about attacking him, but all the time keeping up an incessant chattering.

"That's so, and here is— By jinks, Paul, do you see what this is?" and Dick picked up the object that had struck Paul on the shoulder.

"Why, it's your father's snuff box!"

"Yes, but how did the monkeys get it?"

"Stole it. Monkeys are the biggest thieves in the world. Do you remember how they climbed about the ship yesterday? Well, one of them must have seen father's snuff box through the window and sneaked in and got it when we were not looking."

"Well, we've got it again and all on account of those Indians. If we hadn't lost the compass we would never have found the snuff box. Come, let's go back."

"But the wood for your box?"

"Bother the wood; we can get it any time! I'm nearly starved!"

They were nearer the river than they thought, having been traveling in circles, and they reached the river in a short time.

rations was a multitude of spectators so thrilled with horror and suspense as were those in Carlton that night when Tom Hazen and Dan Allen slid along the telegraph wires through a seething mass of red flame.

Strong men shuddered and many women shrieked and fainted.

The terrible suspense lasted but a few seconds, though they seemed like minutes to people holding their breath as if unable even to breathe.

Quick as a flash the two brave boys shot through the red hot flames and reappeared on the roof of the third building, which had not as yet been caught by the devouring element.

Then came hoarse yells of joy from below drowning even the crackling roar of the conflagration. Men fell on each other's necks in wild exultation.

"Hooray, hooray! There they are, they are saved! Whoop, whoop!"

quarters. Tom had just given the order for them to start when two officers came up to him.

"You are Tom Hazen, are you?" one of them asked him.

"Yes," he replied.

"Well, we want you. Come along!"

"What's the matter?"

"Come along and find out," and he laid hold of his arm.

"Hands off," said Tom, pulling away from him. Instantly both grabbed him and tried to handcuff him.

Ben Stewart instantly suspected the cause of the arrest and sung out:

"Here, boys—help Tom!"

With a rush the boy firemen swarmed around, over and on the two officers, hurled them to the ground and made mops of them.

"Help, help!" cried both officers, and in a moment or two the wildest excitement prevailed.

"What's the trouble, boys?" the foreman of Vigilant Fire Company asked, as he and a dozen of his men came up.

"Hanged if I know," said one of the boys. "Somebody said for us to help Tom, and we pitched in."

"Two men arrested Tom," said one, "and no man can do that when he is on duty—not if we know it."

The two officers finally got on their feet and fled in the darkness of the night, and the boys crowded around Tom to inquire what it was all about.

"Hanged if I know," Tom replied, "unless it is for downing two men just before the fire bell rang."

"Who were they?" a dozen asked.

"Don't know. Ben and I went to the Carlton House to get some money for the Widow Raines, and were on our way to see her when we were halted by two men, who told us to hold up our hands. Luckily for us we each had a slungshot, which we got at Ben's house on our way to the widow's. We just let 'em have it in their faces and downed 'em. Just a moment later the bell clanged and we hurried off."

"Well, they don't run you in for that, eh, boys?" sang out Bill Saxton.

"No!" came with a yell from every throat.

"Oh, I'll go and see about it in the morning," Tom said. "Let's all go home now. We have no more work to do here."

The boy firemen at once prepared to return to their quarters. They were all angry at the attempt to arrest Tom when on duty at a fire, and an attempt to do it again would have resulted in great damage to the arresting parties.

Tom still had in his pocket the money which had been contributed to the Widow Raines, and on arriving at the engine house he told the boys about it.

"Somebody knew I had it," he said, "and laid for us to rob us. I think I'll stay here all night for fear the police may lay for me at my boarding-house."

"And we'll stay here with you," Ben Stewart sung out, and the whole company said the same. They slept on the floor and benches and horse blankets, till sunrise. Then they arose and bathed hands and faces down-stairs.

"Now, boys," called out Tom, "let's all call on the widow, and give her this money. It will do her good to have us all go."

"Whoop! Just the thing!" some one cried, and they all prepared to go.

"We'll march two abreast," said Tom, and that way they started out.

The Widow Raines was up helping the poor family with whom she had found a temporary home.

Tom knocked on the door, and Dollie Raines herself opened it.

She was a very beautiful girl—regarded as the prettiest in all Carlton, though only a factory girl.

She did not know Tom even by sight, and when he asked her if Mrs. Raines was in the house replied that she was.

"Will you please tell her that Tom Hazen and the members of Mazeppa No. 2 wish to see her?"

"Ah, you Tom Hazen?" she asked, looking him full in the face with an eager light in her eyes.

"Yes," he replied.

"I am Dollie Raines. Oh, I owe my life to you!"

Tom gazed at her in silence for a moment or two, and then replied:

"Well, I am glad of it. It's the prettiest debt owing to me, and I am going to let you owe it," and he extended his hand to her with a laugh as he spoke.

"Oh, I shall never forget I owe it. But for you I would not be here now."

Mrs. Raines came to the door on hearing her talking, and said:

"Oh, the fire boys are all here!"

"Yes, madam," Tom replied, lifting his hat. "We have all come to see you and Dollie. We have raised some money for



HE GOT ONE ARM AROUND IT, WHEN ONE OF THE MONKEYS SEIZED ONE FOOT, CURLED HIS TAIL AROUND THE OTHER, AND PULLED WITH A STRENGTH ONE WOULD NOT HAVE SUPPOSED HIM CAPABLE OF. A DOZEN OR SO OF THE MONKEYS RUSHED UPON PAUL, AND MORE WERE SEEN APPROACHING.

Springing forward Paul struck the monkey dangling from Dick's feet a sharp blow across the body, causing him to release his hold and go scampering off into the wood.

Down dropped Dick, hot and flushed, and with the blood streaming from his face and hands.

"Spiteful little imps!" he cried. "I'll show them!" and breaking off a short twig he hurled it with full force into the branches.

"But, Dick, there's no use in doing that," "I'll show 'em!" cried the other more fiercely, and tearing three or four stones out of the ground he threw them with excellent aim at the monkeys overhead.

Nearly all the shots told, and as the stones came down Dick used them a second time.

The monkeys kept up a frightful chattering, and presently began to throw back at Dick twigs, leaves and broken branches.

"Oho, that's your game, is it?" he cried, seizing the largest of the stones and throwing it at the most aggressive of the monkeys.

It struck the creature fairly, and he fell to the ground and rolled over on his side uttering the most pitiful cries.

Something bright fell from his mouth, and at the same instant something thrown from above struck Paul on the shoulder.

"I say, Dick, there's your compass; this fellow had it in his mouth."

Dick returned the captain's snuff box and told how it had been found, his father being greatly relieved at its recovery, and resolving to be more careful of it in the future.

Then one of the men at the mill brought Paul a large and beautifully polished piece of the very wood he desired, and both he and Dick declared that after all their expedition had ended much more successfully than they had dreamed.

MAZEPPA No. 2,

— THE —

Boy Fire Company of Carlton;
OR,

Plucky Work on Ladder and Line.

By ROBERT LENNOX,

Author of "Wide Awake Will," etc., etc.

CHAPTER VII.

IN WHICH TOM DOES A GOOD DEED AND IS LOCKED UP.

NEVER before in the annals of conflag-

But their clothes were ablaze and hair badly singed.

Bill Saxton turned a stream of water on them which fell in a fine shower all about them.

Tom turned and hugged Dan in his joy.

"Oh, it was a close call, Tom!" said Dan.

"Yes, Dan. I would rather tackle another maniac than go through that thing again."

"So would I."

Four of the boy firemen ran up the ladder to them and again a great shout greeted them as they shook hands all round.

Tom went to the front end of the building, and sung out:

"Turn the water on the next houses!" and the order was obeyed.

The two descended to the street and again wild shouts told how painfully the crowd had watched their narrow escape from a horrible death.

But Tom did not relax his vigilance in watching the battle between fire and water. Trumpet in hand, he was here and there and everywhere, till at the end of two hours the flames were under control. Another hour was sufficient to put out every spark, and remove all danger of any renewal of the conflagration.

Wearied and smoke-begrimed the young firemen prepared to return to their

you with which to buy furniture for a new home. Here it is," and he handed her the roll of bills.

"Oh, you brave boys!" came from her, and then tears followed with a choking exclamation of "God bless you!"

Tom and many of the boys hastily drew their sleeves across their eyes.

"Come, boys!" he said, turning away, and in another moment they were silently marching away, leaving the mother and daughter together in their joy. They went round by Tom's boarding-house and left him there, after which each went to his own home.

Breakfast being ready, Tom ate in a hurry and then ran up to his room to change his clothes. He left the slung-shot there and hastened out to call on the Chief of Police.

He found that official at his desk, and was received with a very severe frown.

"Your company assaulted two policemen last night," the chief said.

"Yes, and that's what I came to see you about," Tom replied. "What did they want me for?"

"Word came to the captain here last night that you had nearly killed a man down on Bayard street."

"Did the man himself say so?"

"The man is in the hospital and unable to talk."

"Who then told it?"

"I really don't know. The captain got word of it and sent out two men to bring you in. The two officers came back looking as though they had been fighting a cyclone. Punishment for resisting an officer is very severe, you know."

"Yes; I am sorry it happened. They ought to have known better."

"Who—your boys?"

"No, your men."

"Ah!" and the chief's eyes flashed. "You will find it the other way, maybe."

Just then an officer came in and the chief ordered him to lock Tom up.

Tom was dumfounded.

But he made no resistance; he simply asked:

"What am I charged with?"

"I simply hold you till this matter can be investigated."

Tom said no more, and in another minute he was locked up in a cell.

CHAPTER VIII.

A DASTARDLY PLOT.

LET us go back to the two men who attempted to hold up Tom Hazen and Ben Stewart while on their way to see the Widow Raines.

The reader will remember that just as Tom and Ben downed them the great fire bell clanged, and the two young firemen sprang away to their post of duty, leaving the two villains completely knocked out.

The man Tom had hit lay on the sidewalk like one dead.

The blow had fallen on his temple and had knocked him senseless.

The other man had been hit on the nose, just half way between the end of it and the eyes, crushing in the bone and making an utter wreck of it. But he did not lose his presence of mind, save but a few moments. By this time the two boys were gone and he was left alone with his companion.

The two pistol shots had been heard by others and people came running in that direction.

"Jim, Jim!" called the man, stooping and shaking his companion. "Get up and come away!"

But Jim was like a dead man, and the other one growled out:

"Done for as I'm a sinner!" and then sprang away, going direct across the street to avoid meeting those he heard coming.

A half dozen men came along and one stumbled over the man on the ground and fell.

"Hello! Here's a man down! Strike a match somebody!"

One struck a match and held it close to the face of the unknown.

"This man has been killed!" exclaimed the man with the match.

"Yes, and we heard the shots!" said another of the party.

"Call the police."

"What is it?" demanded a voice behind them.

"Here's the police!" exclaimed one as two officers crowded forward.

One held his lantern so as to cast the light on the prostrate man's face, and remarked:

"I don't think he is dead. Call an ambulance."

The other officer hastened to a signal station and called an ambulance. In ten minutes the ambulance came, and the unconscious man was placed in it and driven away.

The two officers then made inquiries among those present to try to find out all they could about it. No one knew anything more than they had heard two shots a minute or two before the fire bell clanged.

They went back to report the case to the captain of the station.

In the meantime young Al Morton was at the Carlton House paying court to his pretty cousin, Miss Dora Pelham, whose life Tom Hazen had saved. She was sufficiently recovered from the shock of that terrible night to sit up and move about the sumptuous apartments occupied by the Mortons. Al and his sister were with her when a servant brought up a message from the office below, to the effect that a man there wished to see him personally.

Al excused himself and went down stairs to the clerk's office.

"Where is the man who wants to see me?" he asked of the clerk.

"There he is," replied the clerk as he pointed to a young man of rather doubtful appearance, who was standing with his back toward the office.

Al went up to him, looked at him for a moment or two, wondering who he was. He was a total stranger to him. But he said, touching him on the arm:

"I am Al Morton. Did you send up for me?"

"Yes," replied the young man. "Come out on the piazza, please," and he led the way out, followed by Al.

When clear of any third party the young man stopped, turned to Al and said, in a half whisper:

"Bryan is hurt and wants to see you at once."

"Hurt, did you say?"

"Yes, and wants to see you."

"How is he hurt?"

"Somebody hit him on the nose and ruined it forever."

"When?"

"Oh, half an hour ago or so."

"Wait till I get my overcoat and cane and I'll go with you."

Young Morton turned and re-entered the hotel, leaving the other waiting for him on the piazza. When he re-appeared he ran down the steps, saying to the other:

"Come on."

The other followed, and soon they turned and walked hurriedly in the direction of the west side of the town. It was the rough side of Carlton, the home of the poverty-stricken portion of the city.

They halted in front of a dingy old frame house. The guide produced a key, by means of which he effected an entrance.

Al followed him inside, and the door was closed again. They made their way along a passage to the rear of the house to a door on the left. It was pushed open, and there, on a rude cot, lay a man whose face was swathed in bandages.

The guide left him there and returned to the front door.

"Why, what has happened, Bryan?" Al asked, as he went up to the side of the cot.

"Oh, I'm ruined!" was the reply in a husky tone of voice, "and Jim is in the hospital more dead than alive."

"Who did it?"

"Those two young whelps had slung shots, and when we told 'em to hold up their hands they did so, but they came down again and we got it in the face. I am ruined for life."

"Good heavens! What's to be done?" and Al Morton was white as a sheet as he spoke.

"I think Jim is done for—his skull cracked. Go and have Hazen arrested for murder, naming Jim as the victim. The ring matter will be motive enough, and that will do the business for him. I can appear as a witness against him."

"Yes—yes, I see. I think that will settle him forever. I'll go and see the police at once. But is Jim done for, do you think?"

"He seemed like a dead man, and they took him away like one."

"If he should be alive he ought to be posted as to what to say."

"Yes, that's so. I'll see him in the morning. Send me \$100 in the morning early."

"One hundred?"

"Yes. I've got to pay a doctor and have good attention."

"That's pretty steep."

"You wouldn't have my nose for ten thousand, would you?"

"No, nor for a million. I'll send you the money," and Al turned and left the room. The guide met him at the front door and saw him off.

Joe and Jim Bryan professed to be private detectives, and had an office in a cheap quarter of the city. Young Al Morton had once employed them in some shady transaction, and now had engaged them in a plot to ruin Tom Hazen. The police knew nothing wrong of them, but did not recognize them as detectives at all.

On his way back to the hotel, Al passed a policeman whom he happened to know.

"Have you heard of the attempt to murder down on Bayard street?" he asked him.

"Yes. I saw the man and sent him to the hospital," was the reply.

"Have you got the murderer?"

"No—don't know who he is."

"I think I do" and then he told the story of the diamond ring, adding:

"I am sure it is Tom Hazen's way of putting a dangerous witness out of the way. Run him in and get the credit of it."

If he is not the one, no harm will be done, you know."

Al went on and the officer at once began to see a chance to distinguish himself and get in line of promotion.

He walked along his beat till he met the other one who was with him when Jim Bryan was sent to the hospital. It did not take him long to tell the story young Morton had given him.

"Let's run him in," he suggested.

"He's at the fire," said the other.

"Take him when the fire is over."

"We'll be off post then."

"Yes, and all the more credit to us," replied the other.

They thus arranged the matter and undertook to carry it out.

But instead of a prisoner they carried numerous bruises to the station and told the captain how they got them.

The captain sent up to the hospital to see what the wounded man had to say.

But the blow on his head made him still hazy and he could tell nothing.

Thus matters stood, when Tom called on the Chief of Police the next morning and was locked up by that official's orders.

Ten minutes later it was known to the boy firemen that Tom was in a cell at police headquarters, and Bill Saxton at once went to see the Chief of the Fire Department about it.

The chief was amazed, and at once sent a lawyer to take charge of the case.

The lawyer called to see him, and Tom told him his story.

"Ah, that man in the hospital is the robber then?" the lawyer said.

"Yes—at least he tried to be. Ben Stewart and I happened to have weapons ready for them and thus saved ourselves and the money we were taking to Mrs. Raines."

"Well, we'll secure that fellow and see what he has to say about it. But you say there were two of them?"

"Yes, and the other one is hurt too," Tom said.

"I'll see if we can find him," and the lawyer left him to go to the hospital.

To his astonishment he recognized the wounded man as Detective Bryan, a private detective, whom he had once examined as a witness in court.

But Jim Bryan was yet unconscious, the blow on his temple having been a hard one.

The lawyer came away and at once procured a warrant for the arrest of both the Bryans. The one in the hospital was safe enough, but the other one was not to be found. He placed the warrant in the hands of a constable, not a policeman, and told him to lose no time in bagging his man.

"He is hurt in the face," he said to him, "and may be in hiding somewhere under medical treatment."

The constable soon found people who knew the Bryans, and two hours later Joe Bryan was a prisoner.

He was all broke up over his arrest, and lost no time in sending for Al Morton again.

Al hastened to the station house, pale and nervous, and asked permission to see Bryan. He was shown to Bryan's cell at once.

"They have jugged me," Bryan said.

"So I see. But what is it for?"

"The warrant charges me with an attempt to rob Tom Hazen last night."

"Good Heaven! Has Jim been talking, I wonder?"

"I don't know. I never got a chance to see him."

"Well, I'll send a lawyer to take charge of your case, and will pay all the bills. But don't send for me again. Send for him. I don't want to get mixed up in it. If I do I'll be a ruined man."

"I won't say a word."

"Well, here's the money I promised to send you this morning," and he gave him a roll of bills as he spoke.

Bryan took the bills and concealed them about his person.

"I will try to find out if Jim has been talking," Al said. "Both of you must tell the same story, or we will get into trouble. I never dreamed you would make such a muck of it as you have."

"We never dreamed they'd be armed either," said Joe Bryan, "or we'd have been more on our guard."

"Well, don't mention my name to anybody, and I'll see you through as far as money can. Don't forget that."

Al then left the station house, and as he passed out the front door he almost ran against Tom Hazen and the chief of the fire department.

The chief had just bound himself for Tom to bring him into court whenever wanted.

CHAPTER IX.

AN UNEXPECTED MEETING—THE EXPLOSION.

TWO days passed and Jim Bryan came to his senses in the hospital. The blow on his head had come near being the death of him. As it was he was still in a bad way,

and the doctor thought he should do very little talking.

He did not know he had been placed under arrest, and asked that his brother Joe be sent for.

"He is hurt almost as badly as you are," the doctor told him.

"Ah! sorry for that," and he turned his face to the wall and remained silent after that. He feared to make any statement until he had seen Joe lest he endangered both.

But Joe soon got out of the station through the effort of the lawyer Al Morton had sent to him. He lost no time in seeing Jim. The surgeon in charge gave permission with a warning, and he was shown into the ward where the patient lay.

They hardly knew each other. Jim's head and Joe's face were in bandages.

"Are you Jim?" Joe asked, cautiously, in a half whisper.

"Yes; are you Joe?" came from Jim.

"Yes, all except my nose. That will never be as it was again," and then he looked around the room to see if they were all alone. Leaning forward he asked:

"Have you said anything yet?"

"No, not a word."

"Then we are all right. You must tell this story: We were attacked in the dark and nearly killed. We didn't know who did it till we heard Tom Hazen had claimed that he and a friend were attacked at the same place. Having knowledge of a robbery committed by him we believe he plotted to kill us and thus save himself, and have had him arrested."

"Have you had him arrested?"

"Yes, on the charge of trying to kill us both. Morton backs us and has engaged counsel for us. He had me arrested, too."

"What for?"

"On suspicion of trying to rob him."

"Then they'll arrest me, too."

"Yes, very likely. Just stick to this story and we'll win sure. Oh, I'll fix him for this," and he laid a hand tenderly on the bandages that covered his broken nose.

Jim lay there silent for some minutes. Then he said:

"Well, it's the best we can do, I suppose."

"Yes, and we'll come out all right, for we have a good lawyer in charge of the case."

After staying out the time allowed him, Joe took leave of Jim and went away.

Days passed, and things quieted down somewhat. No fires occurred to draw the firemen out, and they were all at work in their various occupations.

But the boy fireman had a grievance, and could talk of nothing else when they met of evenings at their hall. They were all like a band of brothers, and the cause of one was the concern of all.

They could not understand why the governor's daughter had never thanked Tom for having saved her life. Mr. Morton had done so, it was true, but she had not.

One evening word was sent to them that a party of friends would pay them a visit at the hall on the following evening.

"That is a hint for us to brush up, boys," said Tom, to those present.

"That's just what it means," said Jack Thorn, who had just left the hospital, and was again with the boys.

"Then we'll all brush up," Dan Allen said.

"Yes, and decorate Mazeppa No. 2," suggested a member.

"Of course yes," and committees were at once appointed to see to the decoration.

The next evening the hall looked like a bower of evergreens and flowers, while the engine down-stairs was an immense bank of roses on wheels.

By eight o'clock young people of both sexes came trooping in, and the young firemen gave them a cordial reception.

The Widow Raines and Dollie ran up to Tom to greet and thank him.

Tom looked at Dollie, and thought he had never seen anything half so beautiful in all his life. She was dressed in a way to enhance her beauty tenfold. He bowed again, his eyes riveted to her blushing face.

"We are all glad to see you here, Miss Dollie," he said.

"I am more than glad to come and thank every one of you for what you have done for us," she replied, laying a little brown hand on his arm.

"But we don't need any thanks, for we did only what our duty demanded, and then—"

"Yes," said Jack Thorn, interrupting him, "but it's just peaches and cream to have 'em come and see us, you know," and they all laughed at the remark.

Ben Stewart led a party down stairs and showed them the engine, leaving Tom by the side of Dollie Raines charmed almost to helplessness.

A few minutes later the musicians came and the hall was cleared for a dance. Tom led Dollie out on the floor and waltzed round and round the room with her. When he led her to a seat he found that many ladies and gentlemen had come in while

he was dancing. He excused himself to Dollie and went to look after others.

In the crowd he noticed an elderly lady and a young, girlish figure by her side, standing near a window. There was something about the young lady's face that seemed a little bit familiar, and yet he could not recollect her.

He went up to the elderly lady and said: "Madam, come with me to the other end of the hall and I'll get seats for you." "Thank you," she replied, and they both followed him. He procured seats for them.

He turned to the young lady and said: "I can't tell you how much we appreciate this visit from our friends."

"Oh, if you would keep open house one night in each week," she replied as she took the proffered seat. "I think you would see us here quite often."

"I will tell the boys that," said he. "How is it that Mazeppa No. 2 is always first at a fire?" she asked.

"I suppose it's owing to youth and enthusiasm," he replied. "Are not the older firemen just a little bit jealous of Mazeppa's successes?"

"Indeed, I cannot say. We do our best to beat 'em, and sometimes we succeed. We think we have a right to feel proud of our success."

"You certainly have. How many lives have you saved, Mr. Hazen?"

"I'm sure I don't know."

"You keep no account of them?"

"Of course not."

"Don't you call on the young ladies you save?"

"Not unless I am well acquainted with them. It would be cheeky on my part to do so. I did call on the Widow Raines the other day, but I went to give her some money our friends had subscribed for her. She lost everything in that fire, you know."

"Yes, so I heard. You were dancing with her daughter just now, were you not?"

"Yes."

"She is very beautiful."

"She is indeed. Do you dance?"

"Yes, I am very fond of it."

"Will you honor me with this one?"

"Yes, with pleasure," and she rose from the chair and went out on the floor with him.

No one in the hall seemed to know her, and many wondered who she was as she waltzed round the circle with him. She was a very graceful dancer and Tom was proud of her.

When he led her to her seat again he asked for her name.

She looked up at him in silence for at least two minutes and then said:

"I am Dora Pelham."

Tom started as if stung.

She was the governor's daughter!

He had saved her life and been accused of stealing a diamond ring from her. He turned white and red by turns.

She reached out and laid a hand on his arm, saying:

"I came here to see and tell you that I believe in your honesty, and even though you did not answer my letter."

"Why, I never received any note from you," he said.

Clang! Clang!

The great fire bell struck and instantly the wildest confusion reigned in the hall.

Young firemen, who were waltzing round the room, flung their fair partners aside and made a wild rush for the engine room below.

Like a huge leviathan bedecked with flowers the engine shot out into the street and went off like a roaring thunderbolt in the direction of the fire in the second district.

The fire was in a business block and among a lot of frame buildings which were burning like tinder when the firemen arrived.

The chief of the fire department saw the danger that threatened that part of the city, and directed the main efforts of the firemen to prevent its spreading.

"Cut through the roofs and flood the stores on each side," was the order he gave, and the daring young foreman of Mazeppa No. 2 was the first on the roof of the store on the right.

Trumpet in hand he gave orders in a quick, terse way that told how well he knew what he was doing.

Suddenly a barrel of oil exploded in the store below him, and the roof heaved up and sank down with a terrific crash, carrying him with it.

A cry of horror rent the air as a cloud of dust, smoke and sparks went up from the wreck.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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A Dinner and a Kiss.

"I HAVE brought your dinner, father," The blacksmith's daughter said, As she took from her arms a kettle And lifted its shining lid. "There's not any pie or pudding, So I will give you this," And upon his toll-worn forehead She left a childish kiss.

The blacksmith took off his apron And dined in happy mood. Wondering much at the savor Hid in his humble food. While about him were visions Full of prophetic bliss, But he never thought of the magic In his little daughter's kiss.

While she, with her kettle swinging, Merrily trudged away, Stopping at sight of a squirrel, Catching some wild bird's lay; And I thought how many a shadow Of life and fate we would miss, If always our fragrant dinners Were seasoned with a kiss.

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— OF THE —

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Author of "Around the World on a Safety," "Across the Continent on a Safety," "We Three; or, The White Boy Slaves of the Soudan," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XLV.

A SAD LOSS.

By sunset they reached a large open well, where the party halted for the night. Each man lay down upon the ground and slept just as he was, the mules being tethered outside in an open circle, the slaves still chained to the saddle-girths.

"Will you give those wretches nothing?" said Brocken, pointing to the slaves.

"A drink of water," replied Schelmo, coolly, "but I cannot afford to feed them. It is but a ten days' march, and they will get food on board."

"So," muttered Brocken; "but it is no business of mine;" and then he lay down to rest. The question he had asked came from the impulse of the moment, and not from any real sympathy with the sufferers. In a little while the Arabs were all asleep, and naught broke the silence but the occasional impatient pawing of the mules, and the low gasping groans which broke from the lips of the suffering slaves.

The struggling mass of humanity which Ching-Ching and Samson left behind them was some time before it got into order again. Witta was the first to wriggle out beneath, and then, like a true and loyal subject, he laid hold of his king by the neck, and extricated that almost stifled monarch.

"Golly! slacker de dash—poof!" gasped King Matta. "Knock 'em down—jump on dem—make cocoa pulp ob dem! Hold dat row, you squealing lot ob pigs."

The individuals thus politely addressed were his wives, who, blind with fury, were still mauling each other under the idea that they were still honoring Samson and Ching-Ching with their kind attentions.

As words failed to rouse them to a correct apprehension of the true state of affairs, his majesty gave them a vicious kick all round, and this brought them upon their feet.

"Stand still—all in a row!" he cried, like an incompetent general drilling a rebellious army. "Golly, if you don't stand still, I gib you anoder kick all round!"

This inspired them with obedience, and they stood "in a row" like the letter S, and listened quietly to the further commands of their lord and master.

"You go home," he cried, "all in de row; and, mind, if one ob you so much as open your mouf a little, I stop it up wid sumfin' stiff. Get away—go along."

This courteous dismissal sent them out of the hut as quiet as mice, and as soon as they were gone, King Matta began to look about the hut. Witta was engaged in wiping the face of Bettie, which had suffered in the struggle.

"Whar am it?" cried the king. "Golly and squash, whar am it?"

"What the matter?" asked Witta.

"I do not see dat mat ob mine," muttered the king. "Oh, de lilly bird sang in de tree, and—Oh, squash, whar am it?" He was capering about like a cat in a mud puddle as he spoke, and Witta, knowing the peculiar temper of the monarch, wisely went to his aid.

They searched the hut over twice, and then the dreadful conviction burst upon them.

The mat was gone.

Kings losing their kingdoms have occasionally exhibited fair specimens of temper, but none—nay, the whole lot put together—never showed half the fury that King Matta did when he realized his loss.

He cut an ill-judged caper in the air, and came down upon his back with such force that the word "buster" but faintly describes it. Then he rolled over and over, then he got upon his feet and tore his raven wool.

"Who hab got it?" he squealed. "Whar dat mat?"

"Praps de lubly angels—your wives—" began Witta.

The bare hint was sufficient for King Matta, and out of the hut he rushed to the sanctuaries of his darlings. A fearful rioting and howling followed, and Witta, judging by the sounds, concluded that his dark majesty was kicking them all round once more. In a few minutes he darted back, declaring that the mat was not there.

"Where am it?" he cried. "Oh, dab it! whar am it?"

Witta had his own suspicions, but he did not care to betray a friend. The truth, however, at last burst upon the king.

"Dot Chingy chap," he cried, "he got it!"

"I tink not," returned Witta. "Per-haps—"

"Get out ob de way!" cried Matta, aiming a blow at him.

Witta ducked, and the king took the skin off his royal knuckles against the door post.

He sprang into the open air, and putting his two hands against his cheeks, uttered a roar worthy of a bull. The effect of this was to fill the streets with a number of dancing people, who came leaping and capering toward him.

A few words in the Mandingoe tongue seemed to set them all afire, and hurrying back to their houses for a moment, they came forth with all sorts of wild weapons—bows and arrows, spears, clubs, slings, and a sort of a net, which was used like that of the Romans of old to entrap an enemy.

The women were all armed, too. Even King Matta's wives came out and joined the rest, and it is worthy of remark that these high-blooded ladies showed a warlike disposition far surpassing that of the rest.

A procession was formed, and King Matta, with a discretion which did him endless credit, put himself into the middle, thus securing himself from assault both in front and rear. Witta brought up the rear with his precious image under his arm. It is just possible that he had a little faith in it too. People who practice a humbug all their lives generally end by becoming a victim to it.

The word was given, and with more shouting than one usually hears at a general election, the whole party started in pursuit of Samson and Ching-Ching.

In the meantime, those two worthies had made their way into the wood between the village and the swamps, and under his arm Ching-Ching carried the mat, thus justifying the suspicions of King Matta, the unhappy instinct of our old friend not being able to resist so tempting an article as the sacred property alluded to.

"I tink we run far nuff," said Samson, pulling up; "de night is dark and dey hab some trouble to find us."

"Dis mat do to sleep on," replied Ching-Ching. "I dare say de king miss it."

"Not big nuff for two, Chingy."

"Den we'll try to make de best ob him, Sammy. Here am a tree. If we put de mat on de roots, and our backs against the trunk, all right and tight. Dat so; how dat, Sammy?"

"Bery comfortable," said Samson, as he settled down. "I say, Chingy?"

"Yes, Sammy."

"What Massa Harry say when he come back and not find us?"

"He mustn't come back dis way," replied Ching-Ching; "for, you see, ole King Matta in a frightful way by dis time, and he hab de country up. No, Sammy; we must foller and find him, den go back anoder way."

"You a wonderful cute chap, Chingy."

"I tink so, too," returned Ching-Ching, with his accustomed modesty; "all de fam'ly cute. Dere was one man—a first cousin, I tink he was—who was so cute dat nobody take him in. He a bery rich man—make all him money by swindling ole women and mandarins. At last he got nobody to swindle, for he swindle de lot; den, for want ob sumfin' to do, he put all de money into a rotten bank and swindle himself."

"Oh!" exclaimed Samson, a little in doubt as to how to take this story. Ching-Ching poured forth a few eulogies upon this cousin, and then composed himself to sleep.

Samson resolved to get a little rest, too, for nothing could be done until the morning, when the light would enable him to skirt the village, and take up his leader's trail; but barely had he closed his eyes when a most unearthly din fell upon his ears.

"What dat?" he cried. "It sound like de belling ob two hundred calves," replied Ching-Ching, waking up.

"No, it singing," said Samson; "and de song am in de Mandingoe tongue."

"I hear now," replied Ching-Ching; "it all 'bout de king's mat. Sammy, dey are coming after us."

"All right," was Samson's cheerful reply, "let 'em come."

A rapid debate as to the best course to pursue ensued between them. Samson was for a rush, and break through the lot, but Ching-Ching, in consideration of their having the night before them, was for having a little fun with the enemy.

"We get up this tree, Sammy," he said. "No, dey track us, sure," replied Samson, shaking his head.

"Not dey," said Ching-Ching; "follow dis chile."

He walked forward about twenty paces, and, pulling up, backed towards the tree. Samson did the same, and a forward trail was thus left. Catching hold of a branch, he swung himself up. Samson handed him the mat and joined him.

"Dis tree bery prickly," said Samson, as he felt along the bough. "I tink it de fob-nut. Berrer try anoder."

"Too late," said Ching-Ching; "old Chinkery coming."

The king, thus insultingly alluded to, was indeed approaching, headed by a number of torch-bearers, who, by the light their torches shed, were able to keep upon the trail.

Light as the marks were which Samson and Ching-Ching made, they were sufficient for the powerful vision of the Mandingoes.

On they came, the trackers in front walking quietly, intent upon their business; the others howling and screeching as if they would rather scare away the objects of their search than meet with them.

King Matta, with a fagot tied upon him back and front, like a sort of savage mail-armor, walked with rather shaky steps, and rolled his eyes like a gentleman much afflicted with funk.

They passed up to the end of the trail, and there came to a dead stop. It was so sudden that those in the rear were unacquainted with any cause for halting, and, marching on, they managed to squeeze King Matta against the first lot with such violence that every particle of breath was squeezed out of his majestic body.

"What de deremy am dis?" he gasped, glaring over the top of his two bundles of fagots. "I hab de life ob some of you."

The cause of the sudden halt was explained with much humility by those in front, and after kicking one nigger who had nothing to do with the disaster, King Matta was good enough to forgive everybody, and order the trackers to find a continuation of the trail. This, after a long search, they of course failed to do, and, for their pains got a kick all around. After this refreshing exercise King Matta declared his intention of camping there for the night.

By this time, Ching-Ching and Samson were well stowed away on some of the higher branches, a little troubled with thorns, but resolved to make the best of their position. Near them hung great clusters of the nut Samson had spoken of, which somewhat resembled the common cocoanut in size and growth. While the people below were arranging the camp, Ching-Ching and Samson busied themselves in gathering a quantity of the fruit near them, and taking of the husks.

Peeled, they were excellent things to pelt a fellow with, and for this purpose they were designed. The arrangement of the camp was superintended by King Matta and Witta, who designed a center for themselves and put the others outside in circles, giving the women and children the outermost position.

Fires were lighted, and King Matta and Witta took up a comfortable position beside a pile of blazing sticks, the latter with his Bettie near him. Without his mat the king was at a loss, but he made shift with an extra bit of turf which one of his followers cut and placed for him.

Neither the king nor Witta were much disposed to talk, and, in consequence, the whole of the camp was ordered to keep quiet, and all settled down to sleep.

King Matta stretched himself upon the turf and closed his eyes. The crown of royalty sat lightly on his brow, but at the first snore—

Crash! came a blow upon his regal nose. "What dat?" he cried, waking up in a fluster. "Get off my mat! Oh, dat you, Witta?"

"Eh?" said Witta, sleepily.

"You hit me on de nose?"

"No!" replied Witta, a little savagely.

"Den, don't do it again," replied the king, with his usual consistency; and, stretching out again, he turned his back upon the medicine-man and once more sought repose.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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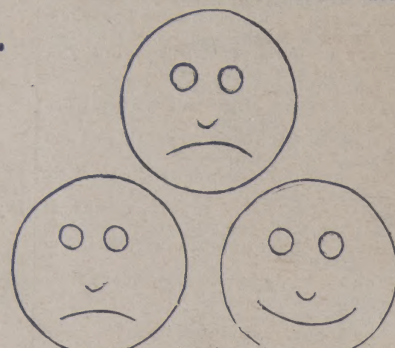
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